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Jan. 1985

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GOOD
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COLLECTORS' ITEM

The Adult Humor Magazine
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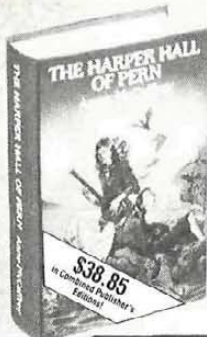
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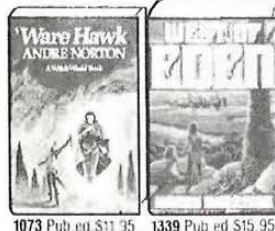
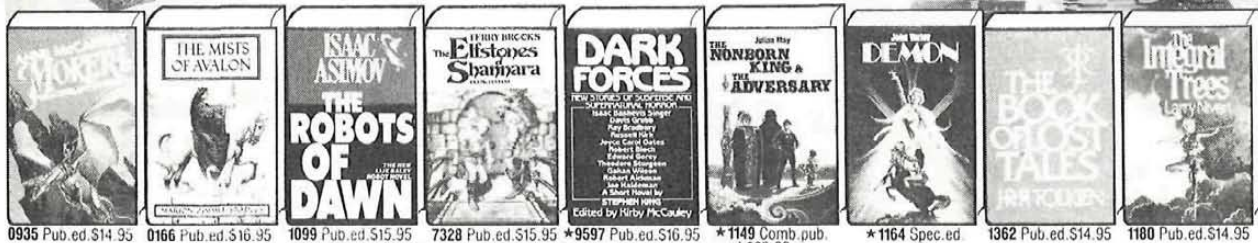
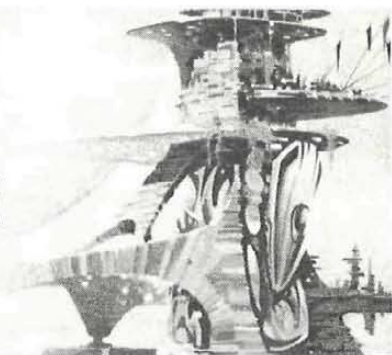
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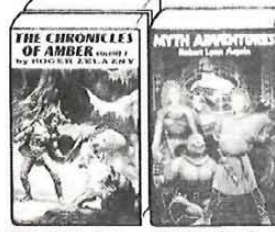


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EDITORIAL

Sex and the Caesar Salad

So the boss sends down this memo that we're going to a new policy and he wants me to edit the first issue in a move to a bigger and funnier magazine.

I shoot back a memo and ask him if I could do a theme issue on gourmet foods. Gourmet foods, I add, are a hilarious subject and we can get great color photos of pheasants and ratatouille. And, I hasten to add, I got a couple of guys who do hilarious recipes and we can do real funny things about cooking outdoors and international cookery.

He doesn't even memo me with an answer. He calls. For twenty minutes he tells me what an asshole I am and how don't I know after all these years that one thing sells and that one thing is sex. "Sex sells!" he screams at me several times so I won't forget. "Sex sells!" He wants broads, "broads with tits" (as opposed, I guess, to broads without tits) and "broads with great legs" and stories about "shtupping" and other sexual practices which he describes vividly.

I try to maintain a certain cool. I tell him that legendary *NatLamp* writers like Henry Beard and Michael O'Donoghue hardly ever used sex as a tool to provoke laughter (which is actually how I said it).

He spits over the phone and says that Beard and O'Donoghue were probably faggots anyway and that anybody who couldn't get a laugh out of sex should get out of the humor business.

So I agree, although I do mutter something about, oh, well, Doug Kenney and P.J. O'Rourke weren't fags, which he didn't seem to hear.

Anyway, I start calling writers and artists, and everybody says, yeah, okay, but sex is kind of over the hill as a subject of humor and had I thought about gourmet foods.

I tell them the hell with gourmet foods, this issue has to have broads and tits and be about all kinds of sly sex or that I lose my job and they all have to go back to writing for *Not the Wall Street Journal* or one of those drug magazines.

So they all say okay, they will think about being funny about sex, but that it wasn't going to be easy. I say, "Look, it's sex or nothing."

The next day they all call me back. They say they've come up with incredibly funny ideas about how to be funny about sex. And they wrote and sketched and painted and photographed and they were right. And when you read this book you'll see that they were right.

Moral: More people get off screwing around with sex than they do making a Caesar salad.—Ed.

Cover: As promised, a whole new approach to humor. Not the old, loud, sophomoric, wise-ass suggestive technique, but the new, improved, loud, sophomoric, wise-ass suggestive technique. Not the old repetition of a tired-old-theme technique, but the new, improved repetition of a tired-old-theme technique.

This particular nastiness was the brainless child of Mr. Kleinman, our former and present and perhaps soon-to-be-former Creative Director, who was helped immensely by the *James Bond Movie Poster* book collection, where he saw the perfect image to steal, as have countless other talented practitioners of plagiaristicism. Some very subtle touches of visual humorics were added leeringly by Mr. Michael Simmons, who, while fondling the model, sipping a cocktail, and writing a ballad, said, "Why don't we take off this little bikini top and see what we have here?" She did. We saw. The reflection of what we supposedly saw can be found if one looks closely into the eyes of the tub nerd, whose glee resembles that of Mr. Andrew B. Simmons, who, when asked, "What are you doing behind there?" replied, "What? Who? Me? What are you talking about?" Then along came Royo (Mr. Royo to friends of friends) and took his trusty art tool in hand and splattered his sheet with the aforesaid vision of Good Clean Sex. We then sent a laundry truck to his house in Spain to pick up the original and they drove it back here to us. Unfortunately, Mr. Royo, who lives in a Moorish sixteenth-century castle in Astaqueno Province, also sent along all of the castle laundry for us to do, as a sort of little Spanish joke. But we're not that easily fooled. We're doing a piece called "The Linen of Old Astaqueno" in our March Good Clean Laundry issue. Later.—P.K.

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NOT FOR THE TIMID!

It's true! These original, uncensored comic are **not** for those among us who might blush at the sight of skin or shy away from —shall we say— *unusual* situations. These comic are for those of us who have normal all-American red-blooded corpuscles! Those of us who can look a joke in the eye and **laugh!** The collections here are by the same *underground cartoonists* who set the comics world on its ear with their uninhibited humor and other-worldly visions.



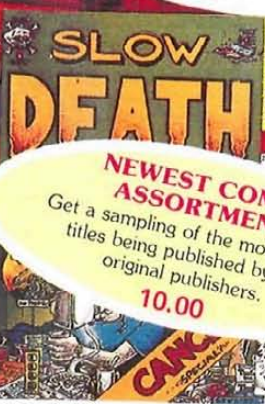
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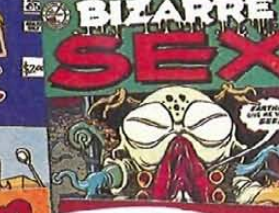
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NOTICE!!

Due to the deluge of phone calls and correspondence we have received in reference to the Trots and Bonnie strip that ran in our Dec. 1984 issue, we find ourselves forced to run the page again in this, our new improved first 1985 issue. There have been some modifications in actual humor content, and all of the punch lines and jokes have been left in this time, unlike the last time it ran when the printer decided to edit out the graffiti. If, however, you missed the last issue and had no idea of the incredible fuck-up we made, please ignore this paragraph and proceed directly to the new improved Trots and Bonnie with punch lines and graffiti included below.



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tits tits tits, and tits.

A Tit Man
Twin Cities, Minn.

Sirs:

Last year I had to pick a college to go to. My parents told me that if I went to a local school they would buy me a new car. It sounded like a great idea until I went out the next night with my friend Lenny and his brother Marty. Marty asked me where I had decided to go to school and I told him about the deal my folks offered me. Marty was in his second year at college so I figured he knew what was what. "That's bullshit, man!" he exclaimed. "They are fuckin' you over royally. Don't you know how much pussy there is livin' on campus?" he continued incredulously. "Why don't you go to Prath Institute of Art and Literature? The girls outnumber the guys three to one. Think of it man, *three to one!*"

Well, I thought about it all right and the next day I said to my parents at the breakfast table, "Mom, dad, I've made my decision." They waited eagerly to hear what it was. I continued, "Based on my instinctual need to develop as a true artist, and my natural desire to have a firm, educational base from which to spring into the commercial marketplace, I have chosen Prath Institute of Art and Literature as my alma mater to be." They were silent for a few seconds

and then my father said to me in the most solemn and understanding tone, "Son, I'm proud that you are putting your education ahead of the obvious pleasures of a new car and the comforts of living at home." I thought that I was pretty slick. Anyway, I've just completed my first year and I am pissed off. Sure, the girls outnumber us three to one, but have you ever seen the doggy women that go to art school? Well, I've been looking at them for one whole fucking term and it's enough to make a guy turn gay. Which is what I did. Live and learn, that's what I always say.

Vinnie Van Gay
Prath Inthitute Dorm
Homo way from home

Sirs:

We here at the National Council Created to Deal with the AIDS Problem in America feel compelled to publish a set of guidelines and helpful advice to those people out there that wish to avoid contracting the disease we call Auto Immune Deficiency Syndrome. By simply following these rules in your daily routines you can rest assured of not getting bitten by that pesky little AIDS virus.

1. When in the company of homosexuals, or suspected homosexuals, one should always wear heavy clothing and/or radium impregnated virus resistant gloves and surgical masks.
2. When walking in a predominantly gay neighborhood and a young man in a sailor's hat and skintight leather short-shorts comes up to

you and asks, "How would you like me to lay my twelve-inch cock on your wisdom teeth?" you should reply, "No thanks, I've already had lunch today."

3. When engaging in cunnilingus with a Haitian prostitute, if you should begin to see signs of dripping menses, remove your face at once and brush teeth lightly with an analgesic muscle relaxant.
4. If you see someone on the street dying of AIDS, you should under no circumstances offer mouth-to-mouth resuscitation or volunteer to suck out the poison.

These rules may seem harsh and difficult to adjust to but we have found that, when combined with a program of oral hygiene and regular professional care, they are almost foolproof.

N.C.C.D.W.T.A.P.I.A.
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

Quite naturally, I like to fuck underwater. Nor am I especially particular. I mean, I've butt-fucked lobster, sucked off flounder, and, of course, I like to shove my hard cock up just about any other crab I meet. Well, about a month ago, I started to itch all over. I was scratching like crazy for days, and I finally took a close look at the problem and plucked off this little speck from my claw. You wouldn't believe it—it *looked like a goddamn little human being!* A fucking human being! And there were thousands of those specks all over me! I freaked out! I crawled to my doctor, who examined me and told me I'd picked up a case of "people." Then he gave me some lotion, and that was the end of it. God, it was so fucking gross! I didn't want to have sex for weeks!

A Crab
Atlantic Ocean

Sirs:

Just who the hell dresses Ronnie Milsap? Some light-in-the-loafers hell-bent on revenge against the macho country-music scene? Ronnie bumped into me the other day at the Marty Robbins memorial. He asked me how I liked his sequined tic, his blue satin shirt, his white studded Levi's, and his Tony Lama boots with his name branded into 'em. I didn't have the heart to tell him he looked stupid in his pink muumuu, violet angel wings with chartreuse tips, and the white ballet slippers he actually was wearing.

Chet Atkins
No Lover of Homos, Tenn
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 81)



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AGHHH! THE SCLIMONAUTS ARE AFTER ME, SWITCH TO SMEGMA SPACE.

SMEGMA SPACE?



YEEOWWWWWY, 50,000,000 POINTS FOR NEUTERING THE SPACE PUSSY!

OH WOW.



ONE MORE POINT AND I'LL BREAK THE OLD RECORD.

COME ON, I KNOW A GAME WE CAN BOTH PLAY.



WELL, MARCIA... I GUESS YOU'RE PRETTY IMPRESSED WITH MY MASTERY OF THE INFINITE.

OH, I'D LOVE TO BE A SLAVE TO YOUR MASTERY.



UH... I... UH... I HAVE A QUESTION.

YES, MY LOVE, ANYTHING.



UH... MARCIA... HOW DO YOU WORK THESE CONTROLS?

XFGKV 106947##. @:1/4(*



Catch

**National Lampoon's
"Misguided Tour
of New York" in
February!
(And while you're
at it, reel in
the rest of 1985)**



It's the second of twelve great issues to be published by the *National Lampoon* in 1985.

The *National Lampoon's "Misguided Tour of New York"*—everything you never wanted to know about New York, but were afraid of, is here, in the ultimate, state-of-the-art parody of New York guidebooks.

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TRUE FACTS

Those Prurient Vandals



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ROCKY CONSTANZO, ESCONDIDO, CALIF.



PAUL SPECK, ATHENS, OHIO



BRUCE BALDON, SPRINGFIELD, ILL.



BETH SHIMMEL, GROSSE ILE, MICH.



BRUCE GREENWALD, HAGERSTOWN, MD.



TONY BELFASI, COLO. SPRING, COLO.

THIS ITEM APPEARED IN the *Los Angeles Times*: "The men's room in the Playground Disco in Schaumburg, Ill., was screening 10- and 20-second videotapes of scantily clad women making impertinent one-liners to the visiting gentlemen, but not everyone was laughing. Women's groups and civic organizations complained (and the bathroom was closed). . . . Larry Sode, the disco technician, was sad about the closing but proud of his handiwork. He said, 'Do you realize we have a JBL speaker over each urinal? When the women on the films speak, the sound quality is excellent.' This is a very high-class operation.'" (contributed by Sheila Winston)

THE NEVADA *APPEAL* REPORTED ON AN election-year debate in Austria. "The controversy centers around flamboyant film star and parliamentary candidate Herbert Fux, 56," said the paper. "In an interview with the magazine *Basta*, Fux reportedly made obscene references to Vienna and Austria and claimed to have had sex with 5,000 women." (contributed by Paul Malinowski)

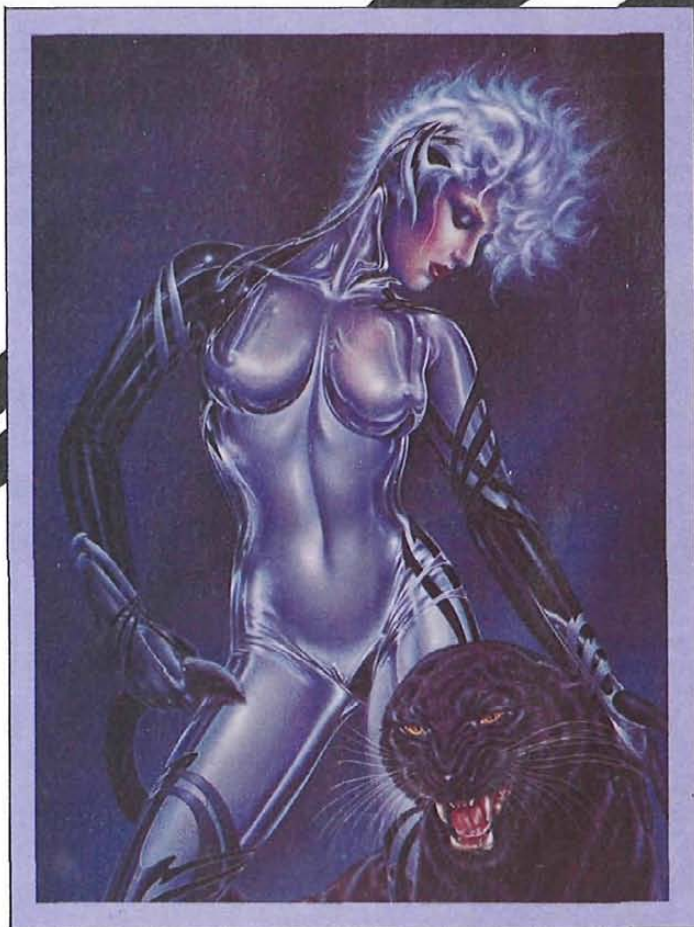
ANOTHER ITEM FROM THE *L. A. TIMES*: "Leonard Itkin (president of a New York City office furniture rental company) recently compiled a list of items left in returned desks, which included: a 1946 Los Angeles telephone directory; a set of 1971 *Playboy* magazines in mint condition, except for 12 missing centerfolds; a leather whip and matching mask; a Barbie doll dressed in Ken doll clothes; a live turtle; and in a desk used by a female advertising executive—three pairs of bright red men's bikini briefs." (contributed by Bill Shinnick)

AN OBSCENE PHONE-CALLER IN GARDEN Grove, California, was unaware that he had dialed a phone at the police department.

"I answered the phone like I always do, 'Juvenile Investigations,' but apparently he wasn't listening," said Officer Pam French, twenty-nine. "He was breathing real hard and making obscene remarks."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 16)

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Since April 1984 a one-year subscription to Heavy Metal has been \$17.00, a two-year subscription \$27.00, and a three-year subscription \$36.00. Now for ninety days only we are lowering the rate to \$14.00 (one year) \$22.00 (two years), and \$29.00 (three years). Savings of \$3.00, \$5.00, and \$7.00 respectively. Why are we being such giving people? Because when we lower the price like this we get more subscribers. It works every time. But we definitely will be going back to the reborn price in March, because we're not that terrific. So subscribe now—and save!

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HEAVY METAL

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14)

After the third call Ms. French began taping the conversations, and after the sixth call she agreed to meet the caller in his apartment. There she arrested Ron Aland Coleman, twenty-five. *Kansas City Star* (contributed by John O'Sullivan)

THIS ITEM APPEARED IN *GLOBE*:

"Ernani Antico, a 27-year-old Italian hairdresser in Aalborg, Denmark, claimed that he bestowed his sexual favors on as many as 15 women a day. But he broke the law with several undraged girls.

"Danish husbands attended Antico's trial in swarms to learn if their wives were among the more than 2,000 women he had served. Antico was sentenced to a year in jail and divorced by his wife, but he later received more than 50 marriage proposals." (contributed by Ron Hooker)

FROM THE *WEST AUSTRALIAN*:

"Adelaide, Australia—An Adelaide woman has been ordered by the magistrate to refrain from permitting people to have sexual intercourse on the grounds of her property after a court was told of wild parties and lovemaking on a trampoline . . .

"One of the neighbors . . . told the Holden Hill Magistrates Court that four or five times a week she would hear the sound of people having intercourse in the front garden and kitchen . . .

"She could hear 'pants, murmuring and groans' from the house and the sound of the springs of the trampoline."

Canadian Censorship



This ad appeared in the French daily newspaper *Le Droit*, published in Ottawa, Canada. (contributed by P. Garant of Ottawa)

line." (contributed by Steve Wells)

THIS BY-LINED STORY APPEARED IN *Lagos* (Nigeria) *Weekend* under a banner headline which read FREE SEX ON JAN. 28.

"The Kaduna State Union of Prostitutes (KSUP) has declared next Thursday a free service day. Their customers will be treated to free sex that day.

"This bonus is meant as an encouragement to their customers for the New Year. Disclosing this to me in Kaduna, a leading member of the KSUP said that the union decided on this to complement the recent announcement by their Sokoto State counterparts to offer better services to their

customers this year.

"We don't want to be left alone," their spokeswoman explained.

"She then gave the conditions to be satisfied by men patrons on the day appointed for the sex jamboree.

"Married men who have been patronizing the women for long should turn up between 2 P.M. to 6 P.M. for a quick one. It is expected that they could then get home early so as not to raise any suspicion among their wives.

"Also, very responsible but unmarried customers can report for their rounds during the period between 7 P.M. and 12 midnight.

"Extremely sex-hungry men friends can then take over from 12 midnight till dawn the next day.

"According to the KSUP spokeswoman, visitors to the town will also benefit, but they will have to pay some token fee.

"Why?"

"They have not been contributing to our welfare as far as feeding and housing is concerned," she answered.

"But such visitors would for long remember the Kaduna birds. They are promised exciting sex treats in the dark alleys." (contributed by Harvard Fenton)

THIS PARAGRAPH APPEARED IN A STORY ON sexual abuse in the *Knoxville Journal*:

"Judge Reggie B. Walton of the District of Columbia Superior Court recalls one case last summer in which a man was convicted for molesting his underage sister-in-law, his 9-year-old daughter, his 6-year-old son, his ter-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 18)

**Italian Cheese*
Provolone Balls**

144 1/2 Lb.
Reg. 3.98 Lb.

Perfect for Snacks and Cooking
*In our Middletown Gourmet Shop only.

TIMES HERALD-RECORD (MIDDLETOWN, N.Y.)
(CONTRIBUTED BY WALTER GINELEWICZ)

McCALL'S
(CONTRIBUTED BY CONNIE VON HUNDETMARK)

NATIONAL TIMES (OF AUSTRALIA)
(CONTRIBUTED BY NEIL McLACHLAN)

Find The Hidden Member

Thing of beauty
IT IS pleasing to know that there is an ardent little group fighting for the mental protection of the environment and Harey Estuary in Western Australia.

Called the Peel Preservation Group Inc. these conservationists recently wrote to the former Premier of WA requesting that he press for the inclusion of this area in the World Heritage List. The splendid potential of these wetlands can be seen from the illustration amply displayed on the Peel Preservation Group letterhead.



Holiday Lobster Spread

- 2 envelopes Knox® Unsalted Gelatine
- 1/2 cup water
- 2 Tbsp. lemon juice
- 1 pint (16 oz.) sour cream
- 1 bottle (12 oz.) chili sauce
- 2 Tbsp. horseradish
- 1/2 cup finely chopped cooked lobster or shrimp (about 8 oz.)
- Assorted crackers or party-size bread

In medium saucepan, sprinkle unflavored gelatine over water and lemon juice. Let stand 1 minute. Stir over low heat until gelatine is completely dissolved. Add chili sauce, sour cream, horseradish, and lobster or shrimp. With wire whisk, beat mixture until smooth. Fold in cooked lobster or shrimp. Chill until firm. Serve with crackers. Makes about 3 1/2 cups spread.

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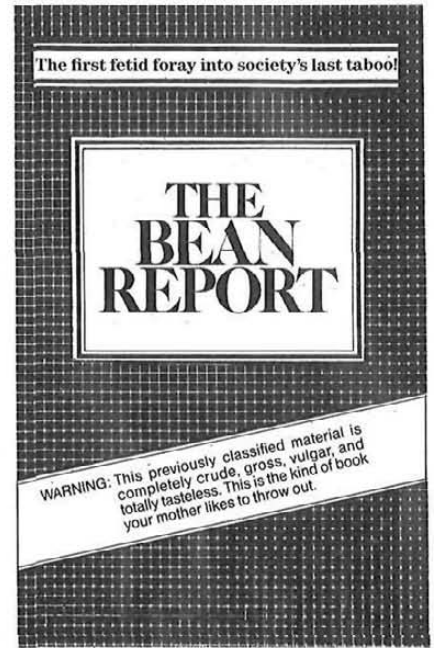
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Everybody Does—
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With illustrations by Goya, Aubrey Beardsley, and Sam Gross.

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What's Your Sign?



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BRIAN RICH, SUCCASANNA, N.J.



ROBERT D. DREY, ALLENTOWN, PA



BRIAN K. HILL, HOUSTON, TEX

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16) minally ill mother, and the family dog." (contributed by Deborah Marsicek)

GILBERT FRANCIS ALMEIDA, TWENTY-seven, of Toronto, Ontario, lost his driver's license and was fined \$400 for driving with his future brother-in-law, Clifford Gonsalves, tied to the roof of his car. According to the *Toronto Sun*, Gonsalves was tied with neckties and rope, "naked from the waist down and sunny-side up." Police chased Almeida back to the site of a bachelor party, while he drove with his head out the

window in order to see around Gonsalves who was spread-eagled across the windshield.

Nevertheless, Gonsalves later testified that he felt "happy and secure" during the trip. (contributed by Andy Varty)

NAMU, A SIX-TON KILLER WHALE, INJURED a dorsal fin while trying to mate with a two-ton female in a tank at Sea World in San Diego, California. Commenting on the injury, Sea World curator of mammals, Jim Antrim, said, "When you have a 12,000-pound male

with a 4,000-pound female, you've got a lot of activity." AP (contributed by Robert W. Farkas)

ACCORDING TO THE *SALT LAKE TRIBUNE*, a thirty-nine-year-old Utah man was charged with attempting to photograph women using an outhouse in Millcreek Canyon. The man was discovered when a woman looked into the outhouse pit and saw him standing in waist-deep sewage with a video camera. (contributed by Scott Thorell)

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20)

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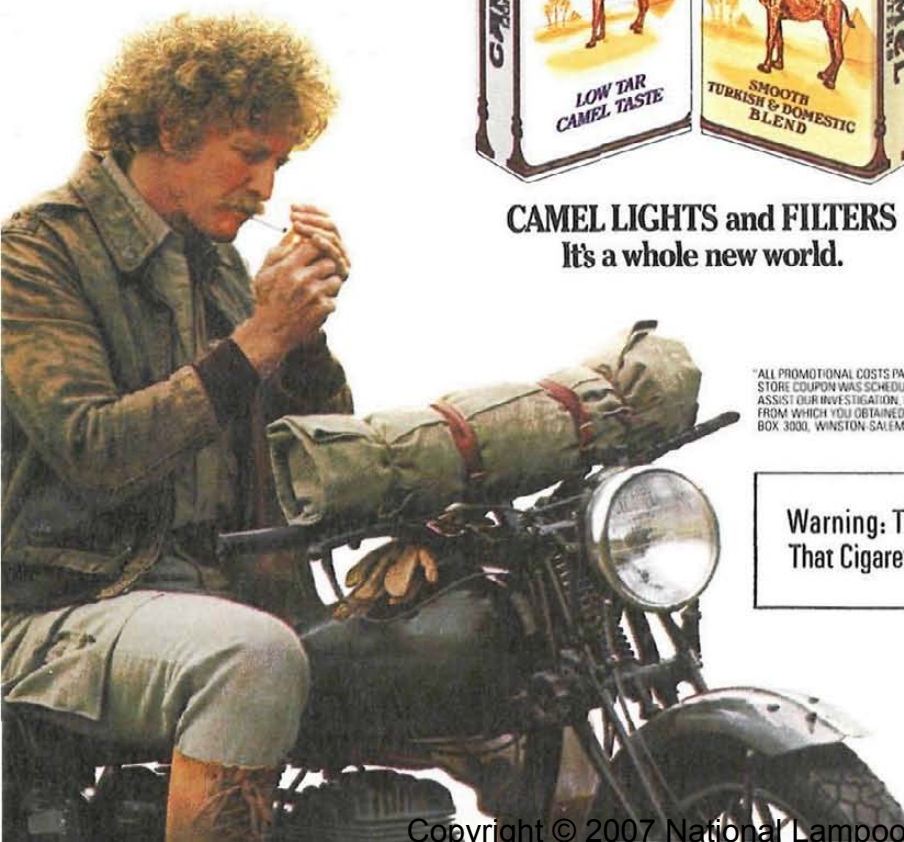
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av. per cigarette by FTC method.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18) IN HOUSTON, TEXAS, A PASSER-BY NOTICED a partially clothed woman and a man taking his clothes off in a parked car. Unaware that the couple were married, the would-be rescuer stopped and asked the woman if she was all right. Both the husband and wife asked him to leave, but the man was still suspicious so he followed them home, where they became amorous again on the front lawn. The man asked a neighbor to help him stop the "attack," but the neighbor looked at the naked couple and said, "Oh, that's just them."

Then, according to the *Louisville Times*, "the man went over, grabbed one of the woman's arms and tried to pull her away. The husband grabbed her other arm. 'It was a tug of war. She started screaming and didn't want to go with either man,' said an Assistant District Attorney.

"The couple managed to escape, but the man kicked in the back door of the home just as police crashed through the front door. . . . The wife wrapped a towel around herself and left the house shouting at her husband that she would kill him if he ever got her in-

involved in anything like that again." (contributed by James Craig)

WHEN FAT DADDY'S DOUGHNUT SHOP IN Thornton, Colorado, fell on hard times, owner Gene Alarid hired waitresses who doubled as topless dancers, and turned his store into America's first adults-only doughnut shop. "This is a real slow location," explained Alarid. "There's nothing out there but this little shopping center, and it's hard to even see it from the road." *Asbury Park Press* (contributed by Susan Wagner)

What's Your Sign?



JOHN H. SUNIER, KENTFIELD, CALIF.



THOMAS LUEBBERT, ROGERSVILLE, MO.



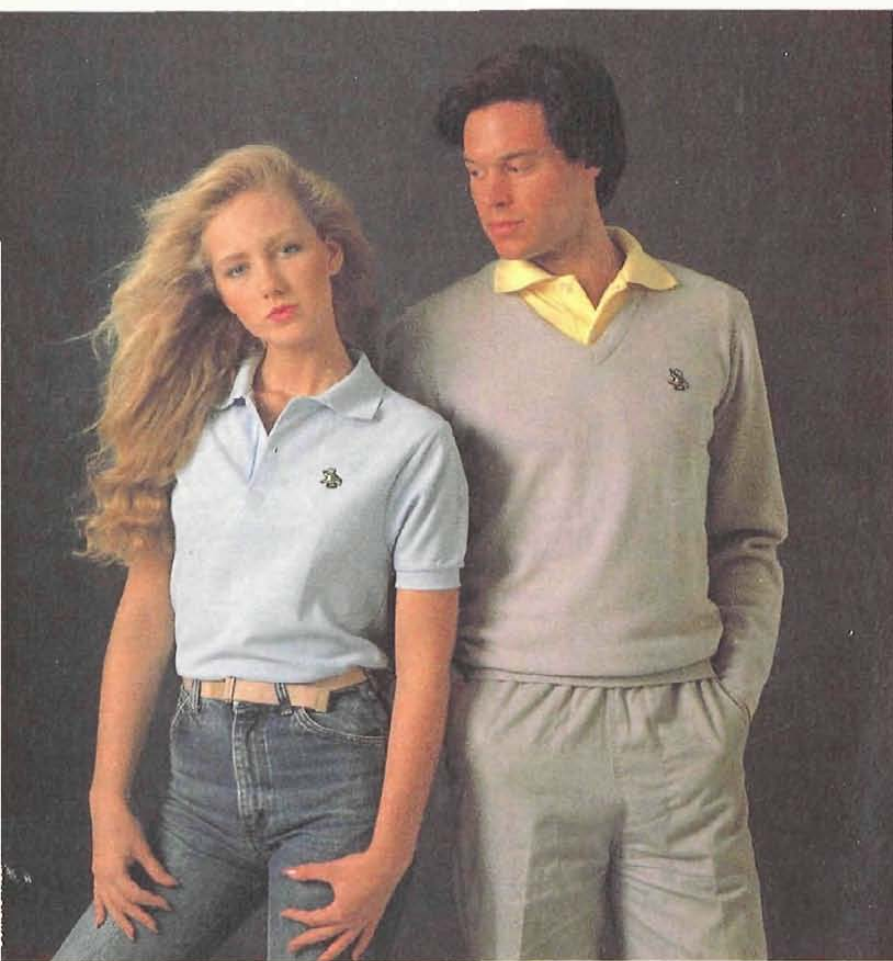
AMY ORENSTIEN, BOULDER, COLO.



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FROG



The Frog family of fine apparel is proud to announce the introduction of the **Frog Sweater**. The Frog Sweater comes in three sizes and is a legend for its softness, warmth, and style. And Frog Clothing continues to offer the **Frog Polo Shirt**. Both shirt and sweater sport the distinctive symbol of the Frog line, a double-amputee frog.

The unfortunate frog is your assurance that you have purchased the very finest. Wear your shirt with pride—with or without a Frog Sweater over it—whether you yourself have legs or not.

Frog Sweaters and Shirts are available only by mail. The price? Sweaters are just \$20.95 plus postage and handling. Polo shirts are \$14.95 plus postage and handling.

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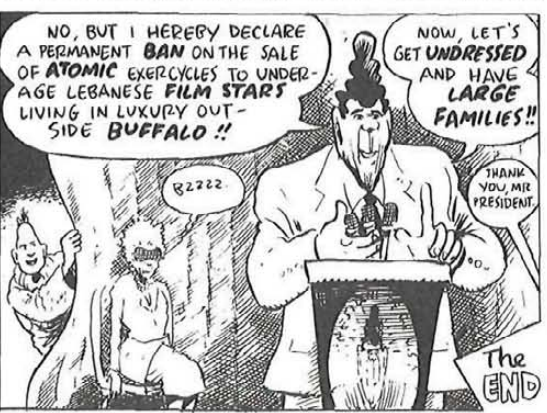
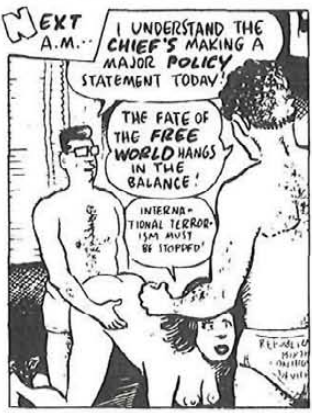
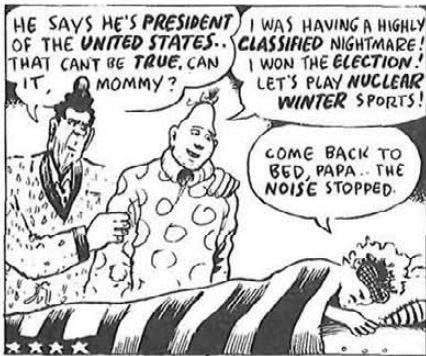
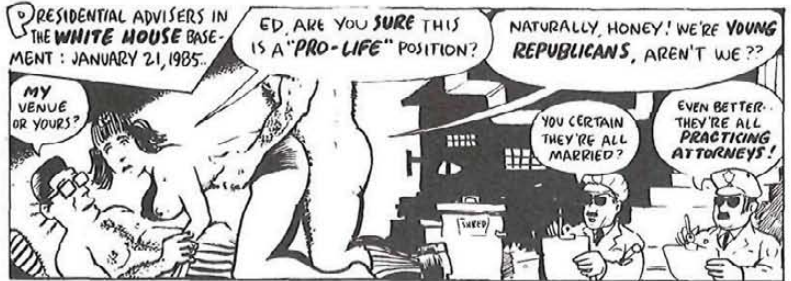
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Frog logo
 by cartoonist
 Sam Gross

AM I RE-ELECTED YET?

ZIPPY IN THE Awful Office

THE UNAUTHORIZED VERSION



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- National Lampoon's Vacation T-shirt** Celebrates the funniest *National Lampoon* film since the one before the last two. \$6.95
_S _M _L



- National Lampoon "That's Not Funny, That's Sick!" T-shirt** This is the shirt preferred by fans of the live theater and the criminally insane. \$5.95 _S _M _L
- National Lampoon Mona Gorilla T-shirt** This gorilla looks more like a gorilla than a pair of socks does. \$4.95 _S _M _L



- "Save the Frog" Glow-in-the-Dark Jersey** Cartoonist Sam Gross's famed legless frog can now be seen in the dark, though not by blind people, on this 100 percent heavy cotton long-sleeved thing. \$10.95 _S _M _L
- National Lampoon Sweatshirt** Available in navy with white lettering, white with red lettering, and gray with black lettering, this product is available in a veritable troika of color schemes. \$13.95 _S _M _L _XL Color: _____



- National Lampoon Football Jersey** With the famed V neck coveted by persons with triangular heads everywhere. \$13.95 _S _M _L

- "Voulez-vous Fuque?" T-shirt** Remember Labelle? Remember this song with a French-sounding chorus? \$5.95 _S _M _L
- National Lampoon Frog Sweater** If it looks like quality, that's because it's handwoven by machines. With frog by cartoonist Sam Gross, in gray or black. \$20.95 _S _M _L
Color: _____
- National Lampoon Frog Polo Shirt** Cartoonist Sam Gross has lent his double-amputee frog to the spot above the left nipple on this fine product. In white, blue, or yellow. \$14.95 _S _M _L
Color: _____

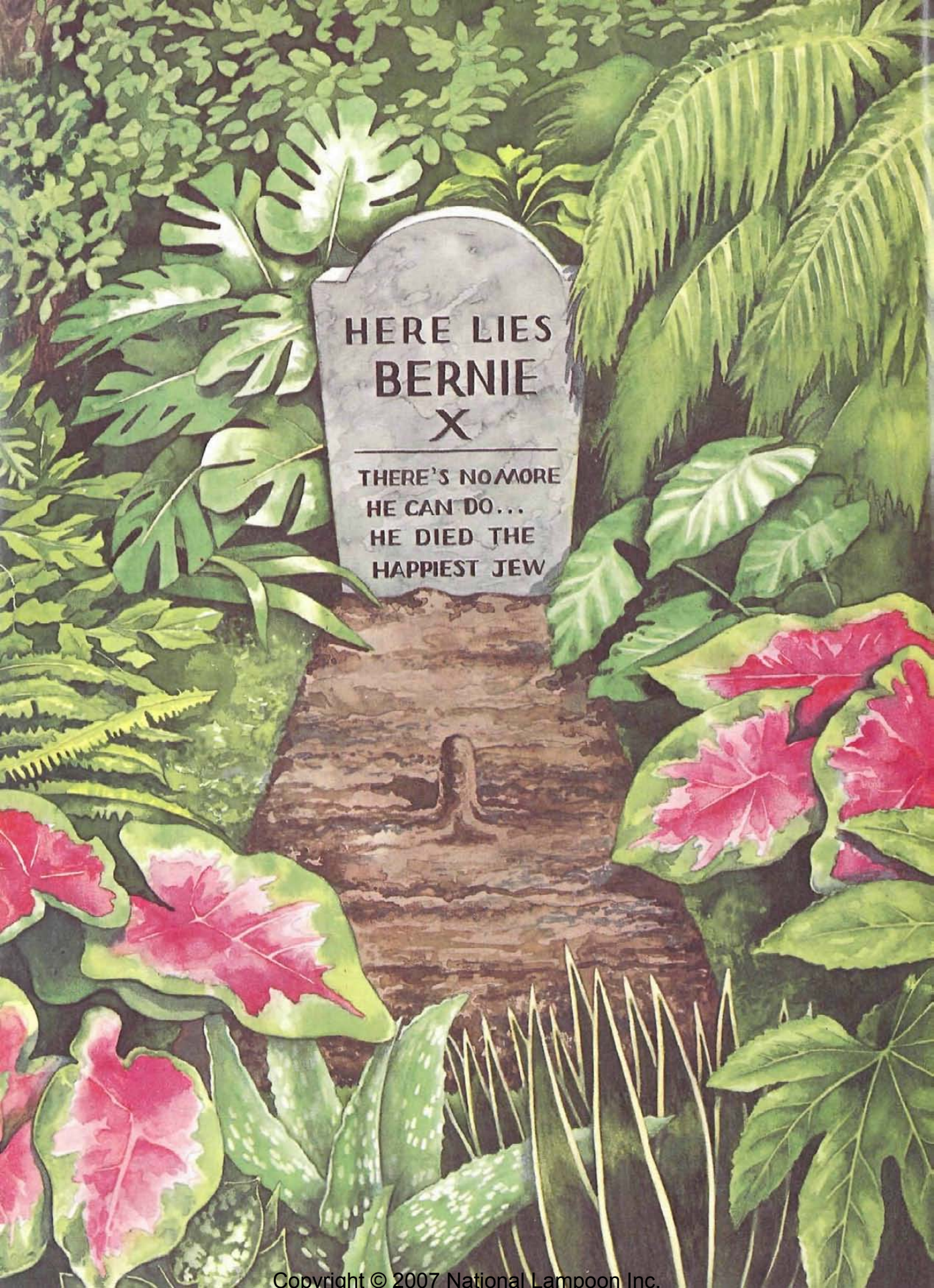


- National Lampoon Black Sox Softball Team Jersey** The same item worn by our own team before management said we couldn't have any more. \$7.00 _S _M _L
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NATIONAL LAMPOON



HERE LIES
BERNIE
X

THERE'S NO MORE
HE CAN DO...
HE DIED THE
HAPPIEST JEW

Mango

by Bernie X.

As told to Gerald Sussman

What do you want me to do, fly? I didn't orchestrate this fucking traffic jam. We're in it, so you might as well relax. I'll shut the meter off. Just give me anything . . . whatever you think is fair.

What are you reading back there? Another fucking story about Central America? More fighting in Nicaragua. *Terrific*. Fuck 'em all. Fuck the rebels, fuck the Commies, fuck the Sardines . . . fuck 'em all. I call 'em Sardines because I can't pronounce their name right. You know . . . the Santanas . . . whatever the fuck you call 'em. They're all full of shit. You know why, doncha? Because the fucking country knows only one thing—*pussy*. Pussy, pussy, pussy, that's all they understand. What do I know? I know *everything*. I just came back from there. Put down your magazine and I'll tell you the whole story.

First I got to backtrack a little and tell you what I do. I don't always drive a cab for a living. I do a little special work on the side. I don't know how to describe it—I'm like a sex doctor. Not a gynecologist . . . a fucker. Some people were born to

sing and dance. I was born to fuck.

I meet a lot of important people in my cab and I started to get a reputation. The word got around and pretty soon I was getting hired for very special work, very confidential. I don't mean stud work. I don't do that kind of shit. I'm talking about work for big corporations, for the government.

Anyway, I'm nearing the end of one of my special jobs and I tell you, I'm exhausted. I'm fucked-out beyond belief. I never had to work so hard in my life. I was called in by a movie studio to help Shirley MacLaine. She was making one of those movies like *Terms of Endearment*, where you cry every five minutes. This movie got her so depressed that she was crying every five minutes. Not only does Shirley have a terminal disease in this movie, but her husband and three kids die when they get hit by an ambulance that is coming for her (she gets a heart attack on the street). Talk about a tear-jerker. When the ambulance gets to her, she sees her own husband and kids already in the back, and they're almost dead.

You can imagine how she feels after doing scenes like this. She's a

fucking basket case. She just sits in her trailer like a zombie and then bursts into tears and cries nonstop. I wish I owned stock in the Kleenex company.

It got so bad that she won't report for work. She's in a deep depression. Meanwhile, the studio has millions going down the toilet and everybody is walking around waiting for Shirley to show up. They try everything on her. First of all, I should say that Shirley won't take drugs. So they give her massages, baths, enemas—no good, nothing happens. A hypnotist tries to get her out of it. He can't do shit. The doctors recommend shock treatments but Shirley won't do it. I don't blame her. The studio is going crazy. The movie is thirty million bucks over budget.

I'm called in by Shirley's personal manager, Barney Ballstein. Barney made his first bundle years ago when he sold fake mutual funds to soldiers going to Vietnam. Nice man. Barney pleads with me to save Shirley and thereby save the picture. The studio has a special expense account that can turn over a hundred grand to me if I do the job right. Not only that, but they'll give me a half a point of

the net profits of the picture. That's another hundred bucks for sure.

I meet Shirley right away, in her trailer. She just gives me a look like I'm another scumbag from the studio out to give her a hard time. I see that I have a very tough clam to crack.

I heard that Shirley has a great sense of humor, so I try to loosen her up a little. I do one of my funniest shticks, where I use my wing-wang as a dummy and make like a ventriloquist. I make my cock talk like a horny teenager. It breaks everybody up. But not Shirley. She's like a fucking oil painting. I show her the shadow tricks I can do with my pecker—"The Eagle Has Landed," "The Duck and the Drake"—a lot of very tricky stuff. She yawns in my face and falls asleep.

What am I going to do? I'm supposed to cure her with a gift of love. I'm scared that if I jump on her while she's asleep I might make it worse. She could go over the edge any minute. But while she's sleeping I take off her clothes. I want to take a look at her body.

It's okay—good, but not great. There's a little puffy spot here and there. But that doesn't bother me. It's the fucking freckles. I never saw so many freckles in my life. I know she has some on her face, but the rest of her looks like rice pudding and cinnamon.

There's something about redheads with freckles that spook me. Never eat a redhead. They smell like a

spoiled chicken. They got hair growing in the wrong places. And they always give my dick something it doesn't want. It looked like I finally met someone I couldn't handle. I could see that hundred thou fading before my eyes.

Just as I am about to leave I see one of those tubes of foam that the broads squirt into their flues before they fuck. I get an idea. I squirt the stuff all over Shirley's body, every place but her flue. This wakes her up and makes her crazy. "More, more . . . don't stop!" she screams. I keep going until her entire body is covered with new, improved Cuntex II. She's going ape and I haven't even touched her yet. Finally I'm doing something right.

And here's the best part. Since I covered her up completely, I don't see the freckles anymore. Now she's making *me* hot, redhead or not. Before she can say Dick Isinya, I'm throwing her a tip-top fuck and she's coming to life. This is the old Shirley—alive and well and right under me. She's in Fuck City.

Promise me you won't get depressed anymore, I say to her. She promises, as long as I stay on top of her. Remember, it's only a movie, I say. Don't get depressed anymore. She agrees and resprays her body again. She's cured. No doubt about it. I throw her another one. And four or five more. But just when I think I'm finished, she wants another one. She picks up the phone and orders

fifty more cartons of Cuntex II.

When are we going to stop? "Never. I want to keep going until I die. I found heaven and it's in your arms," she says. I got to get out. This is just as bad as terminal depression. Shirley still won't go back and finish the picture. She locks us in and swallows the key. I've heard of nymphomaniacs, but this woman is abusing the privilege. She's like a car alarm that won't shut off. And she's as strong as a fucking ox. The studio is going bananas. Ballstein is blaming me, and the insurance company is warning everybody not to harm Shirley. Shirley is like one of those cornered animals. She practically tears my old cark to pieces. I'm just on automatic pilot but she's still having the time of her life. We go into our second and third day, until finally the studio can't take it anymore and hires one of those SWAT teams to break open the place and take us like we were hostages from Israel. They got us while we were in mid-fuck. This guy with goggles and a machine gun pulls me out of Shirley and swings me over his shoulder, holding me by my joint, while another guy is shooting me full of tear gas. They fuck up my eyes so much I can hardly see, much less drive a cab.

The job is over. I try to collect my fee but I'm not getting my calls answered. It turns out the studio won't pay. Ballstein promised them I would have Shirley out in an hour. Since I didn't sign a contract, I was fucked.

All I got out of it was a pair of permanently damaged eyes and a cock that was ready for the old fucker's home.

It feels like something is torn up in there. That guy from the SWAT team who grabbed me by my hard-on must have broken something. The old cark was so weak from overwork that it just snapped. Jesus. I've had some long workouts and some close shaves but I never had a broken cock. I try it out on some sure-fire material, a secret porn movie with the young Sophia Loren and Kim Novak. It never fails to get a rise out of me. This time I can't even get a twitch. I got a shvance that feels like one of Roberto Duran's punching bags. I'm a little scared but all I want to do is take a rest.

I was just kind of limping along for a while, working half days, when I pick up a fare who looks familiar, but I can't quite place the face. I still can't quite see the face because of that fucking tear gas. He's one of those Harvard or Princeton boys with the little valise and a bow tie.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 32)



"Gee, Bob, that's some watch you've got!"

THE

O

TEAM

MR. T in "G MARKS THE SPOT!"



SIT TIGHT, BITCHES! I'M AFTER YO' G-SPOT!

EEEEK!

LADIES



WRITTEN BY
TONY KISCH

ILLUSTRATED BY
ADAM KUBERT

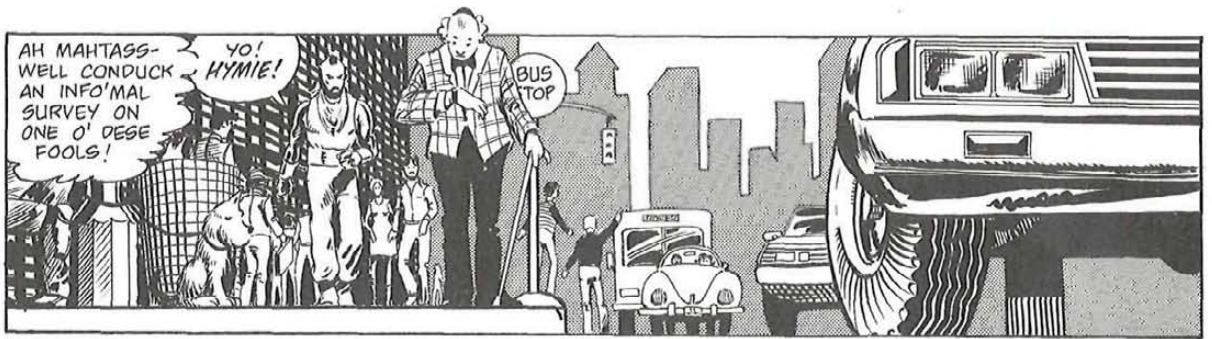


"THE G-TEAM - DEDICATED TO MORE FREQUENT AND MORE ORGASMS THROUGH ANY AND ALL MEANS, MANUAL AND MECHAN- POWERFUL
THE GLORY AND PRESERVATION OF THE AMERICAN WAY. AS WE NOW JOIN ICAL, AND
HERO TAKES TIME OUT FROM HIS PERENNIAL SEARCH FOR THE ELUSIVE G-SPOT TO AGONIZE MR. T, OUR
OVER THE DISMAL STATE OF AMERICA'S COLLECTIVE LIBIDO:



THEY CLIMAXES BE
BEIN' PITIFUL!

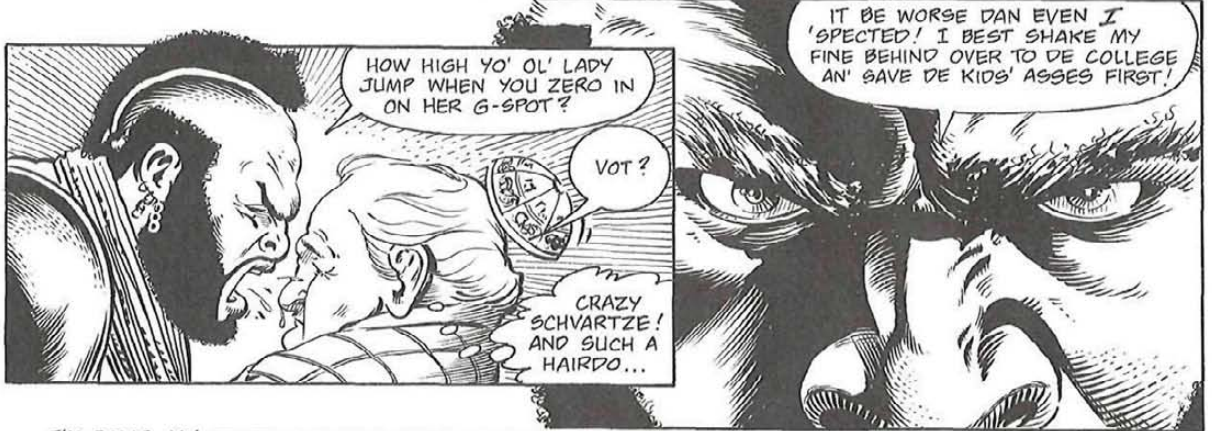




AH MAHTASS-
WELL CONDUCT
AN INFO'MAL
SURVEY ON
ONE O' DESE
FOOLS!

YO!
HYMIE!

BUS
STOP



HOW HIGH YO' OL' LADY
JUMP WHEN YOU ZERO IN
ON HER G-SPOT?

VOT?

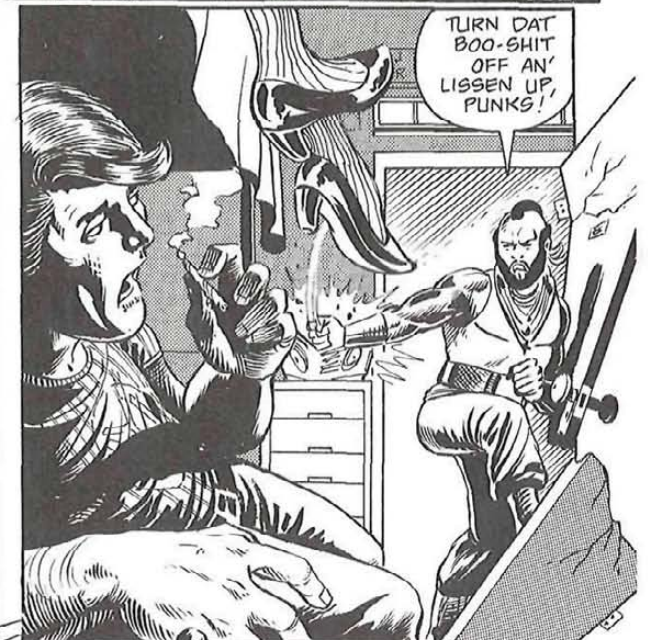
CRAZY
SCHVARTZE!
AND SUCH A
HAIRDO...

IT BE WORSE DAN EVEN I
'SPECTED! I BEST SHAKE MY
FINE BEHIND OVER TO DE COLLEGE
AN' SAVE DE KID'S' ASSES FIRST!



I'M DOING MY
SOCIOLOGY 101
PAPER ON BOY
GEORGE.

AWESOME!
THIS
GRASS IS
TOTALLY EX-
CELLENT...

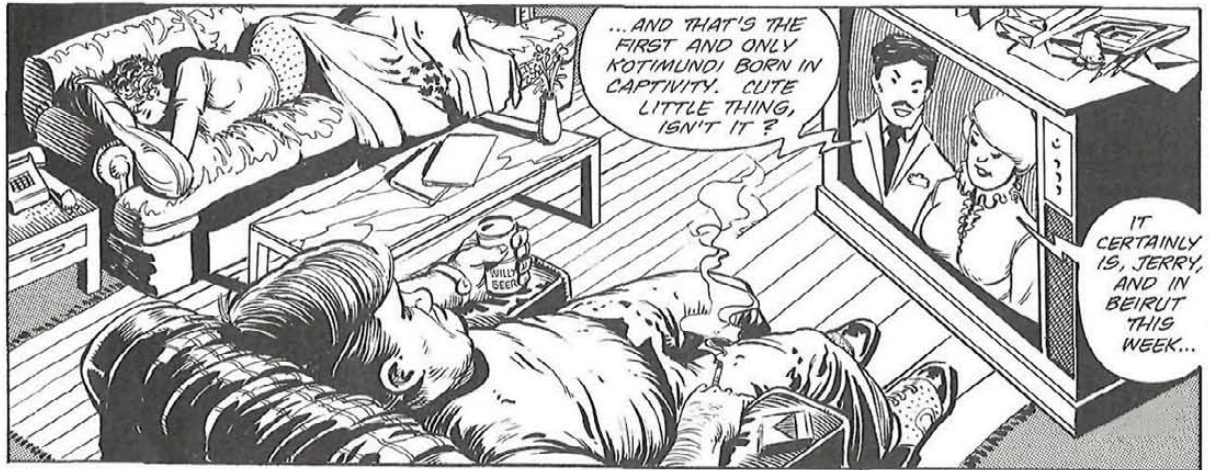
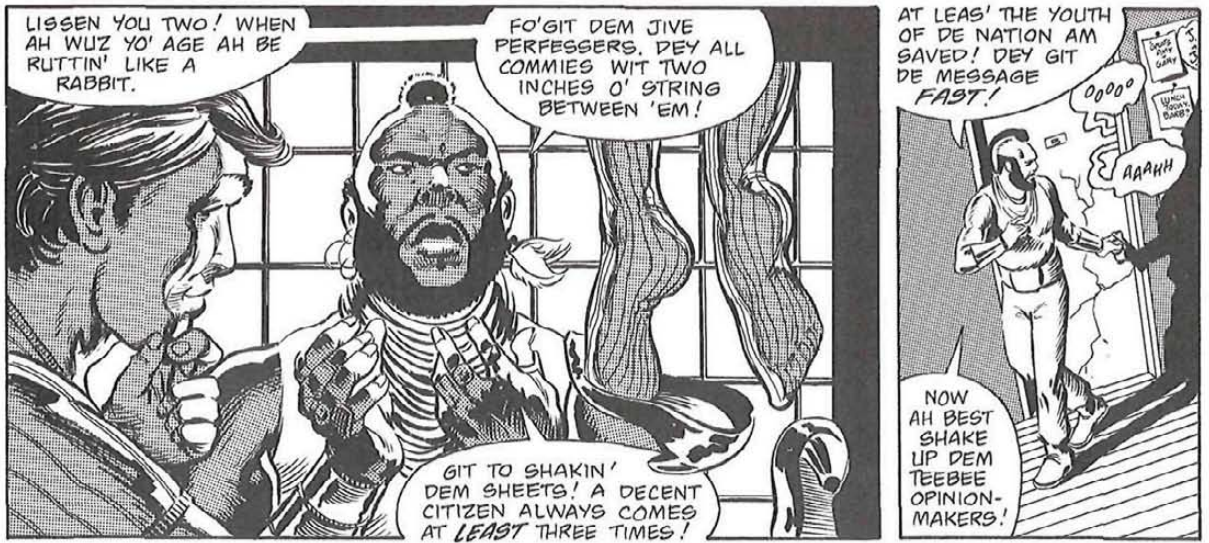


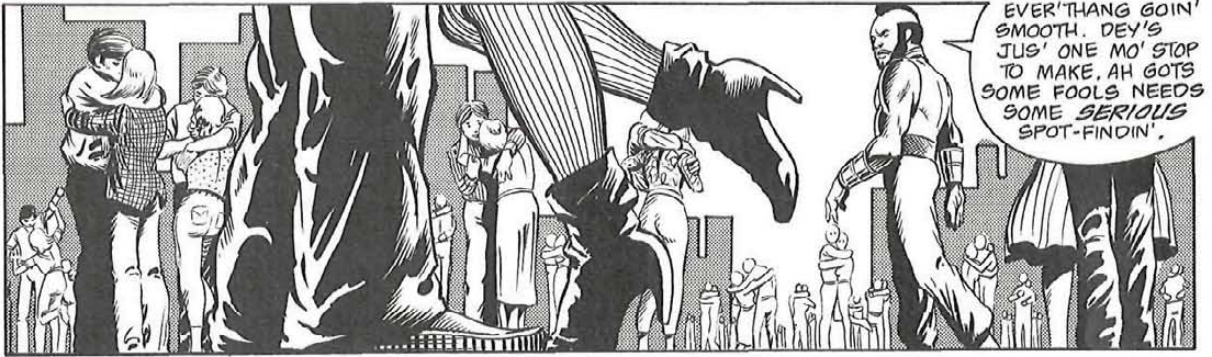
TURN DAT
BOO-SHIT
OFF AN'
LISSSEN UP,
PUNKS!



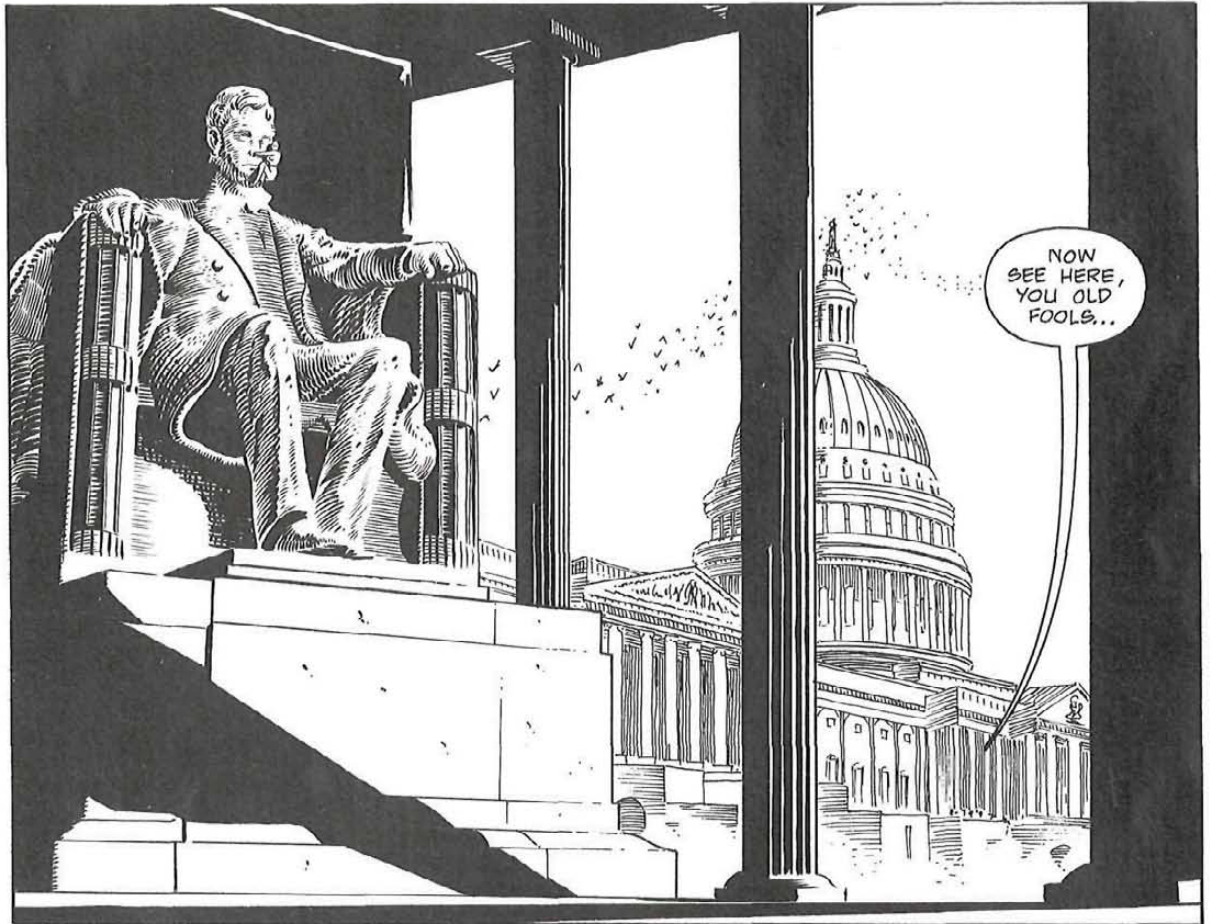
HEY...

SHUT
UP, FOOL!
DRUGS DON'T
BE BEIN' NO
FRIEND TO YO' DICK!
YOU CAN'T FIND
NO SPOT IF YOU
PUFFIN' ON
POT!





A FEW SCANT MOMENTS LATER...



OFFTEAM

NEXT:
MR. T GOES TO
MOSCOW

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26)

He starts talking to me about the broads he can see from the window—who looks like a good fuck and who doesn't. He tells me I look like a fucker. Now I'm beginning to suspect him. He's a homo. He's coming on too strong for a regular guy. I don't mind homos. They used to annoy me, but now there's so many of them, I figure they must know what they're doing and really like it. But this guy I don't like. He makes me take him to this hotel on Christopher Street, in the Village, right in the heart of homoland. And just as I recognize him, it's too late. He's got the gun on me. It's the same fucking guy who suckered me into a meeting with the head of the CIA years ago, when I had to go to Vietnam for them and fuck a spy named Madame Koo who was hiding some secret plans in her lunch box.

It's the same setup in the fag hotel—through the linen closet, into a secret doorway, down to the sub-basement, and suddenly we're in the middle of a bunch of offices and I'm ushered into the head man's den.

This time I don't need any long explanations. The CIA wants me to do another job for them. And they got some new kind of blackmail to throw at me if I don't do it. I tell the new CIA chief that I'm half blind and totally fucked out. He laughs. To him, a fucked-out Bernie is better than 99 percent of the rest of the world. He's sure I'll rise to the occasion, he says,

laughing at his own stupid joke.

What is it this time? This time I'm going to Central America. To Nicaragua. It seems that the anti-Communist rebels that we're supporting can't get enough money from us to fight a full-scale war with the Sardines, the Commies. The Senate won't approve the arms budget. The CIA has this rebel force dying to fight the Commies and we won't give them the ammunition. He says the Sardines could be launching an atom bomb on us any minute. A Mosler safe could fall out of a window and hit me in the head any minute too, I say. But I'll just have to walk the streets and take my chances.

Now the chief gets more serious and gives me a lecture about how my mission is going to save this country and the entire world from Communist domination and enslavement. "If the Communists want you to sleep with a bag lady, you sleep with a bag lady," he says. "They control your life."

I've heard this shit before but I listen. It seems that the CIA is looking for new ways to beat the Commies without going into a full-scale war (which is what they would really love to do). Their biggest job at the moment is to eliminate a nasty little group of Sardines that live in the jungle. They're like the super guerilla fighters of Nicaragua and they're kicking the shit out of our guys.

"What do you want me to do?"

Find them and kill them? You got night fighters, mercenaries for that kind of shit. I'm a blind cabbie who can barely take a piss."

"No, not even my night fighters can find these people. They're slippery and smart—jungle foxes. In fact, they are foxes. Isn't that a slang word for pretty ladies?"

"Don't tell me. You want me to fuck them."

"Exactly. I call it a fuck-and-destroy mission. I know the kind of effect you have on women when you really put your mind to it. And since we're having a hard time fighting them, we might kill them with kindness."

"Or, as the saying goes, 'If you can't join 'em, lick 'em, right?'" I say.

He laughs at my stupid joke and slaps me on the back like I was an asshole buddy. So what does he mean when he says they're a nasty group? How many in the group? "Well, it's really a small army," he says. An army. I have to fuck an entire army? "Not exactly an army—it's like a big group, a big band," he says, "and you don't have to seduce them all. Your most important target is their leader—a woman called Mango. If you can get to Mango, they'll all fall down like dominos."

Okay, concentrate on Mango.

"Just one thing. They're all lesbians," he says.

Just one little thing.

He shows me a picture of Mango. It doesn't mean shit. It's an old fuzzy picture where you can hardly tell her from the men around her. It seems that she is a living legend in Nicaragua—a saint or a devil, depending on whose side you're on. It was my job to find this cunt and somehow win her over to our side and convince her to stop killing all those nice anti-Commie rebels.

"You're not going to let a little thing like her being a lesbian bother you," the chief says. "Besides, I hear she's supposed to be quite attractive."

What am I going to do? Shit or go blind? I already did both. So I go to their training school in Virginia for the second time, ready to do my bit for my country. Yes, they will pay me a large sum if I succeed. If I get captured, they don't know me from yesterday's dogshit. If I die, one of my relatives will get a medal worth at least four bucks in any hockshop.

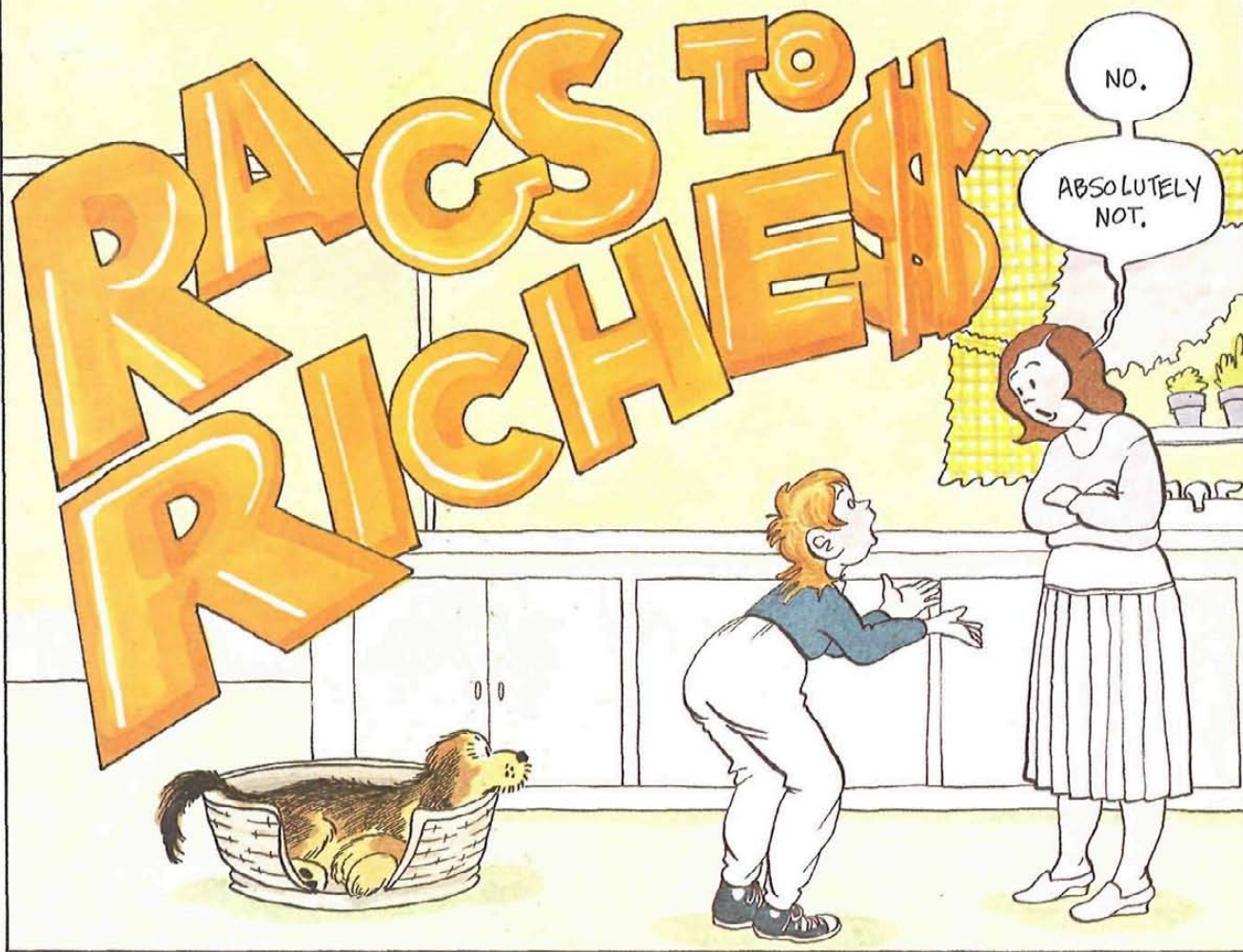
This time I'm going to slip into the Sardine army as a Russian military adviser, an expert in high explosives. My new name is Ivan Shashlik.

When I take my physical the doc-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 74)



TROTS AND BONNIE



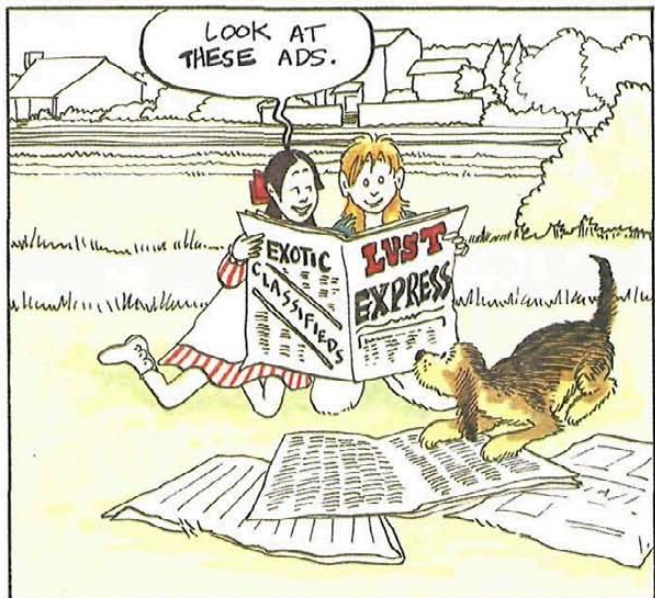
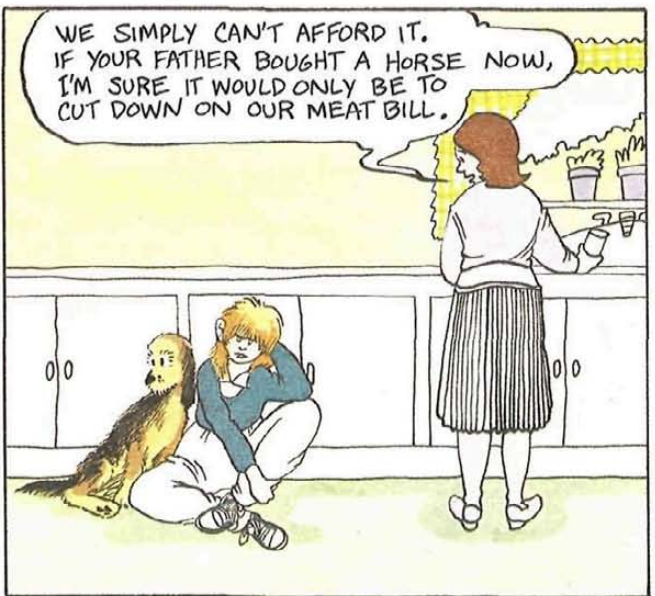
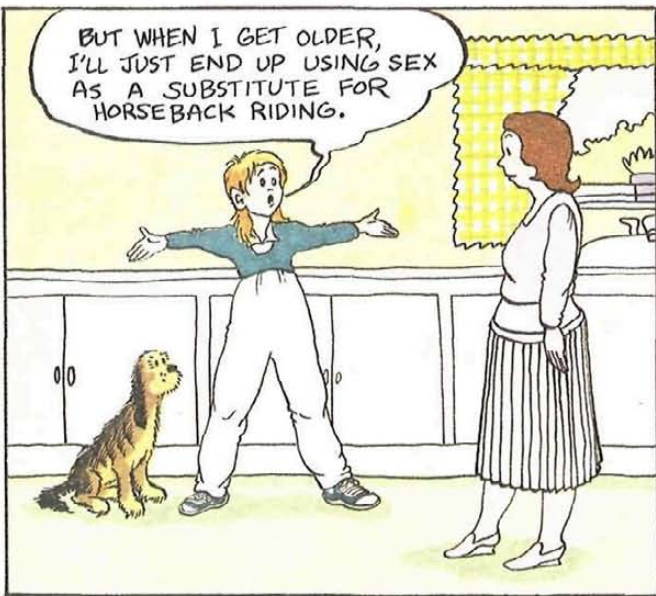
NO.
ABSOLUTELY NOT.

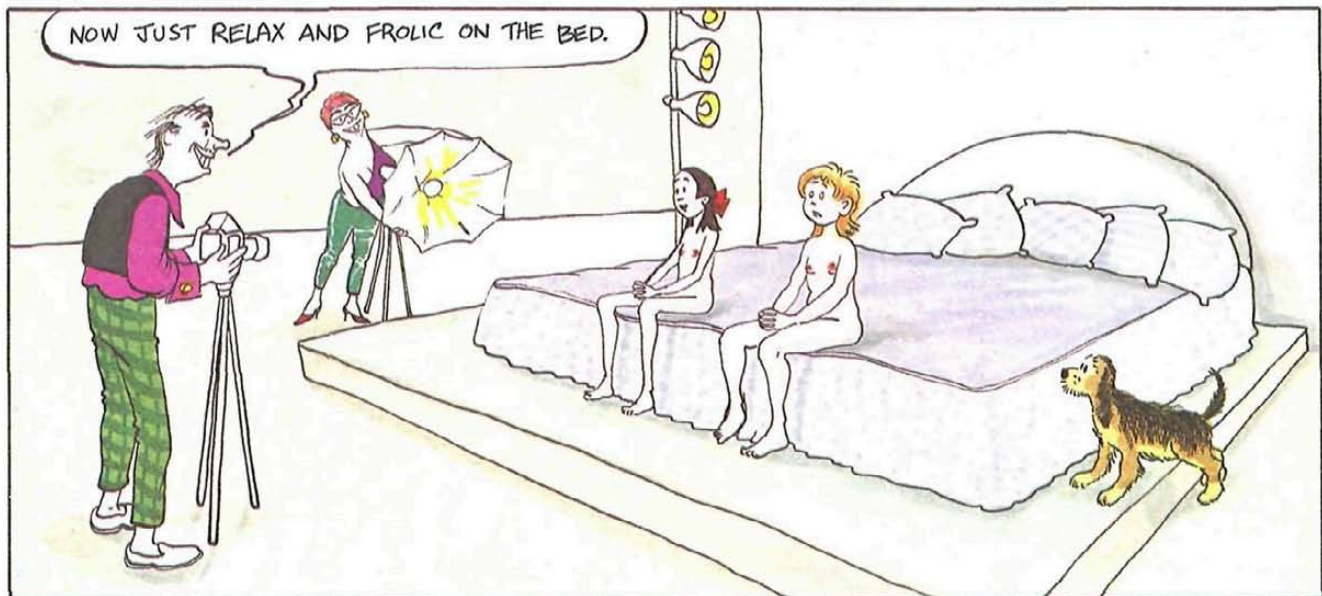
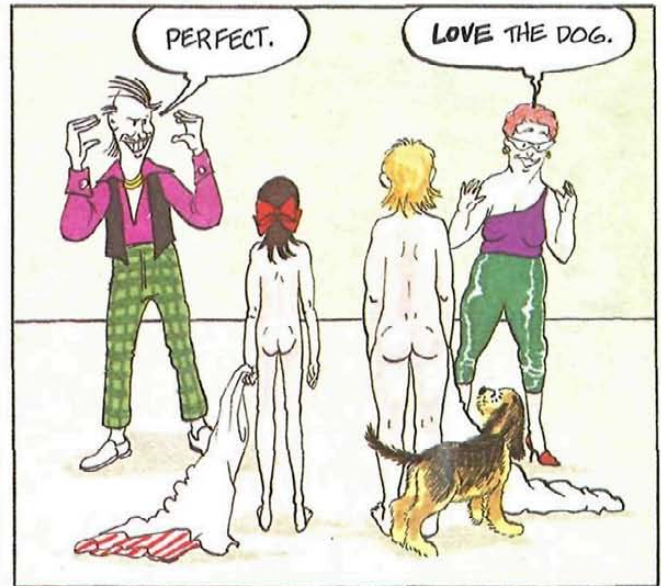
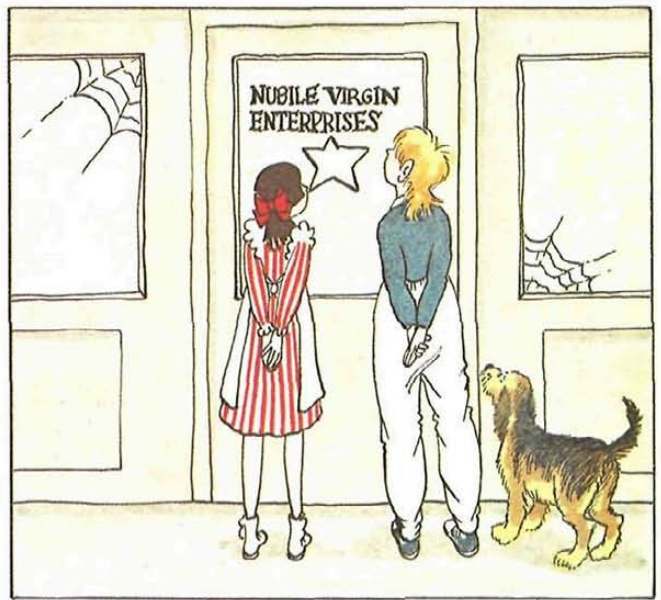


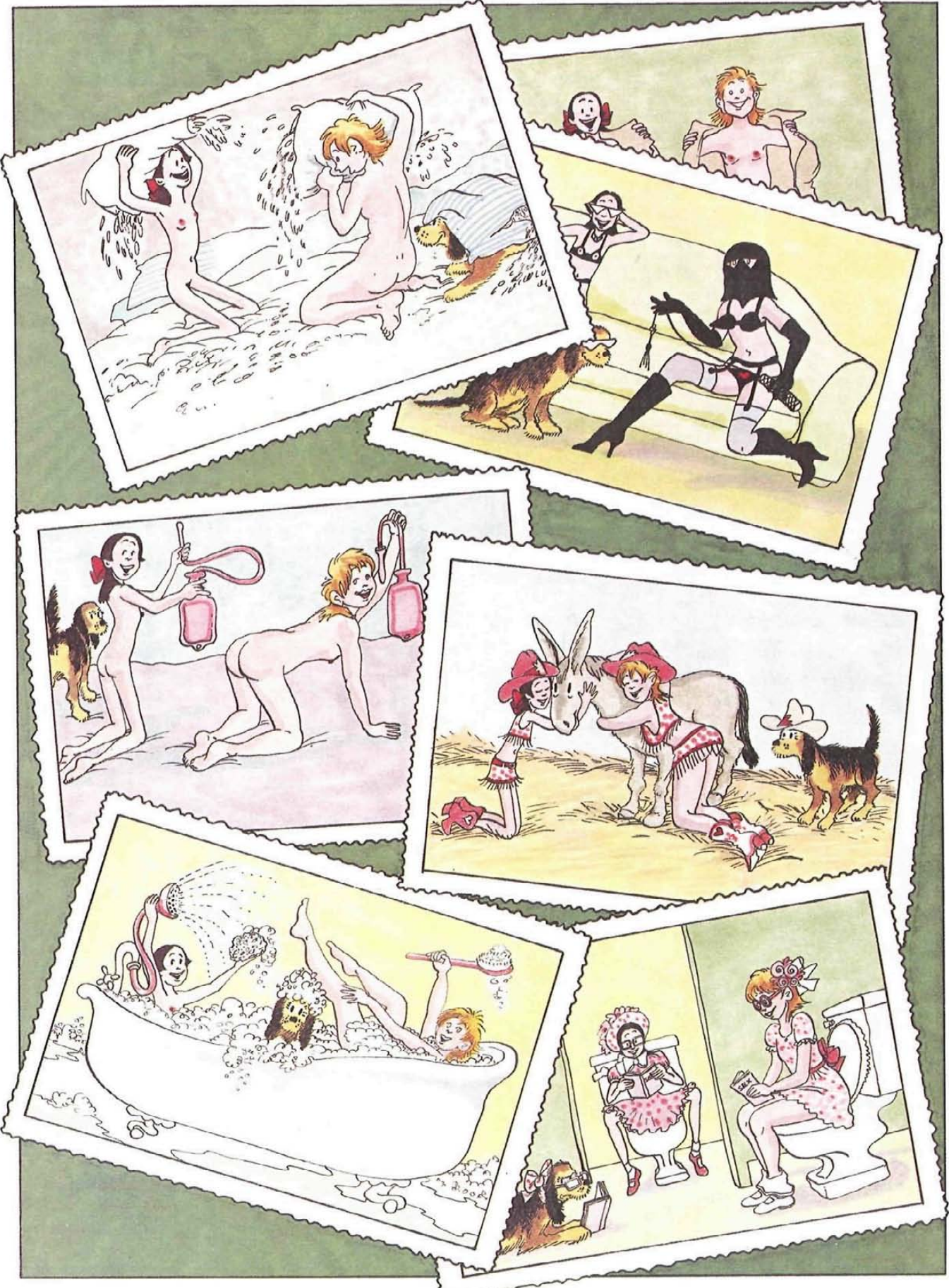
BUT MOM. PLEASE TELL DADDY TO BUY ME A PONY. I'VE ALWAYS WANTED ONE.

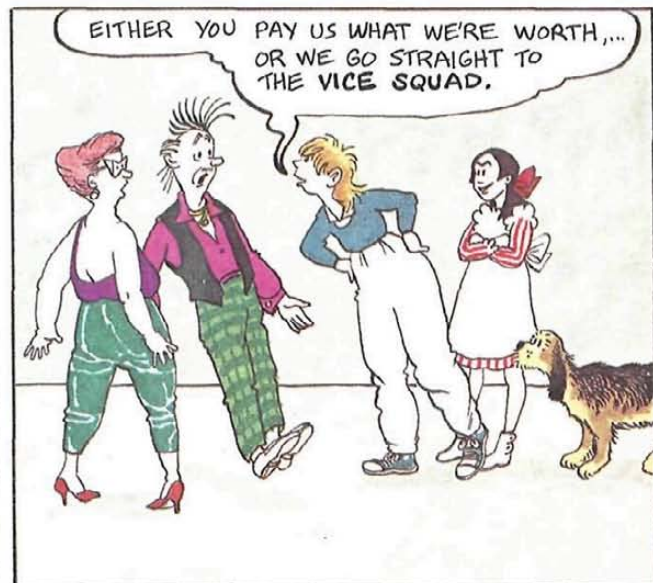


YOU WAIT UNTIL YOU'RE OLD ENOUGH TO EARN THE MONEY TO BUY IT YOURSELF... AND FEED IT... AND TAKE CARE OF IT.

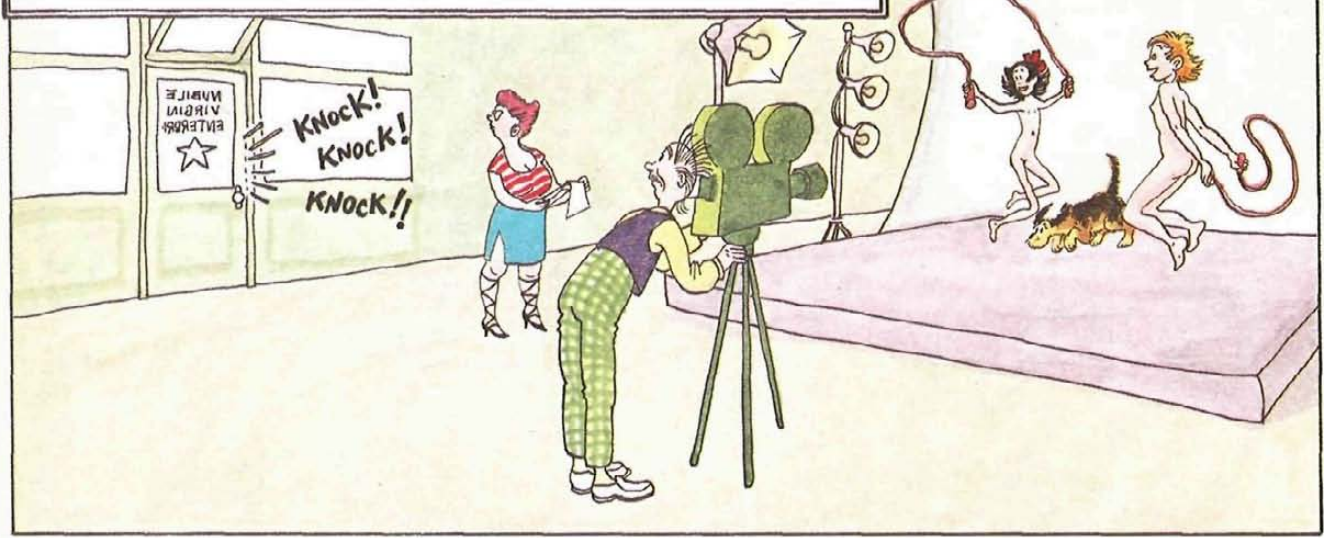






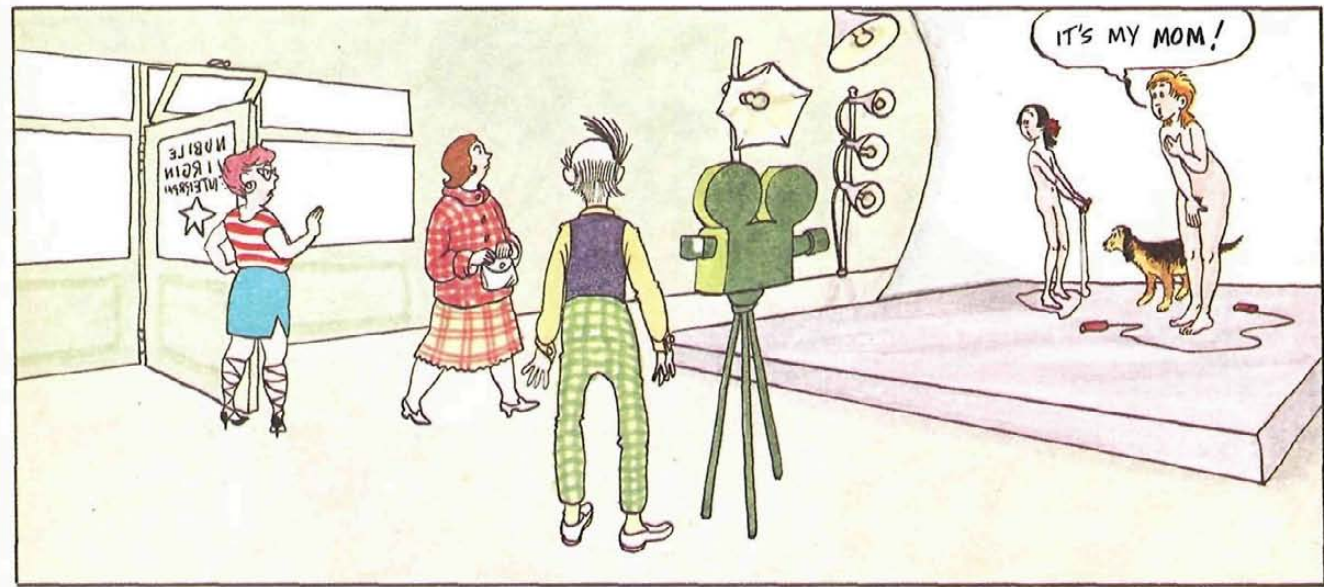


ONLY THREE MORE PHOTO SESSIONS AND THE GIRLS WILL HAVE EARNED ENOUGH TO PAY LAND O'LAKES' FEED BILL.



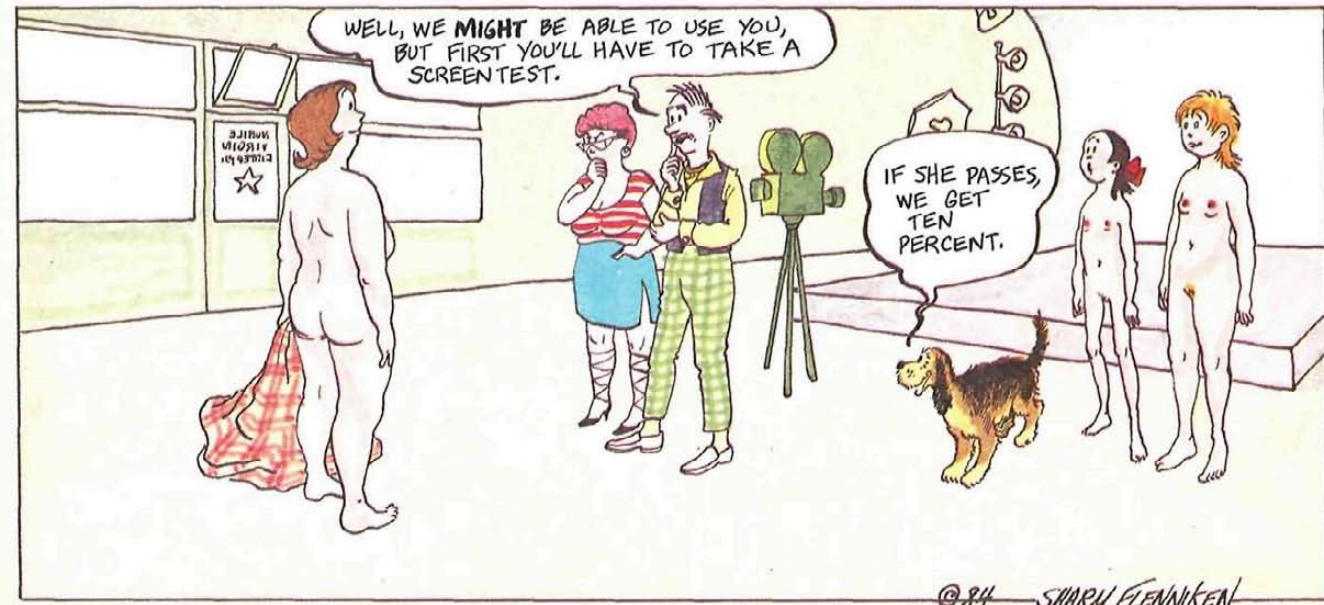
Knock!
Knock!
Knock!!

IT'S MY MOM!



WELL, WE MIGHT BE ABLE TO USE YOU, BUT FIRST YOU'LL HAVE TO TAKE A SCREEN TEST.

IF SHE PASSES, WE GET TEN PERCENT.



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DOGGIE STYLE**
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PASSÉ?

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TO PICK UP
HERPES**

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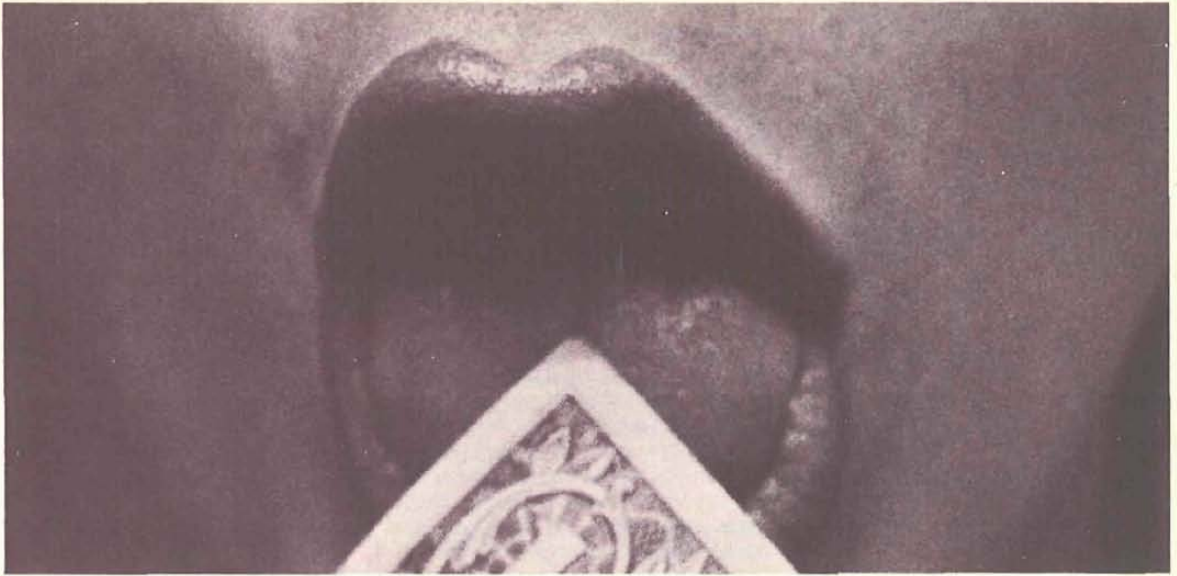
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OPEN FOR'EM

HYMENBUSTERS

I was greatly intrigued by the article in your last issue by Dr. Egbert Kremp entitled "Dreams, Morning Boners, and What They Mean." I have therefore decided to write and tell you of a most erotic dream I enjoyed this past week. I dreamed that I had just married Supergirl, and that she had flown us to her lovely, cathedrallike mountain retreat high in the Tibetan Himalayas. She was breathtaking in her virginal white cape, and we tenderly prepared to consummate our nuptial bliss. Everything went wonderfully, and she was very passionately aroused, when humiliating tragedy struck: I was unable to penetrate her superhymen! We used vaseline, a diamond-cutter, a pneumatic drill, even rendered fat laced with kryptonite: all in vain. By this time we were both frustrated beyond words, and poor Supergirl was sobbing uncontrollably. She demurely offered me a super slurp job, but I refused to be so selfish at such a crucial moment. (I also secretly feared the potential sucking power of those lips of steel.) Just when all seemed truly lost, into our love chamber flew Superman himself! He confessed sheepishly that, from adolescence, he had always been something of a "Peeping Clark," and that he had found certain

"less than prudent" uses for his X-ray vision quite irresistible. Thus, he had been "quite innocently" monitoring our wedding night from afar, and had flown at once to aid in solving our dilemma. Moved by our plight (and with a mortal wife of his own), he graciously offered us the services of his supermember to break the supermembrane. After we got over our initial shock, revulsion, and resentment, we reluctantly agreed on the condition that I be allowed to watch. Shrugging agreement, Superman proceeded to succeed where I had failed, and the awesome sight of genitals of steel meeting in carnal combat proved more erotic than any I had previously seen or imagined. As he prepared to leave, the people's hero took me aside and gently whispered, "Tell Lois and I'll crush your skull." With that he flew off, and I returned to the marital bed with my bride of steel. It was at that inopportune moment that I awoke, so close and yet so far. I only wonder what the good Dr. Kremp would make of this.

Mr. Clark Kundt
Ohio

Dr. Kremp replies, "This man is obviously suffering from an atrophied emotional development which draws him to the unattainable 'superbe-

ings' of his fantasy world. Besides, his stuff stinks compared to my dream of being reamed out by the Green Lantern. What a hunk!"

VICTORY AT THE BULGE

I am a happily married man of thirty-five, and my wife and I have always enjoyed what I would call a satisfactory love life. We are both relatively adventurous in the bedroom, and regularly indulge in both the popular and more obscure methods and positions. I, however, suffer from a sexual mental block: Nothing I do with my wife can compare to the bliss of masturbating while thinking of the enemas I received during childhood from my beloved German nanny, Proosti. Proosti would ask me, in her gruff Prussian manner, "Mein Bratzi [little sausage]! Have you yet this day made der Schtinckwurst?" Trembling with anticipation, I would invariably whisper "No" and hang my head in shame. Proosti would then be galvanized into action. Bending me over the bathtub, she would dab my exposed heinie with vaseline and drive home her ancient and trusted Schmutzhofer "Panzer-Tip Flushmeister," the only equipment in which she placed her complete confidence. While I luxuriated in the ex-

OPEN FOR'EM is the place in the magazine where we write dirty letters that supposedly come from you. Then you read them and get all excited and do whatever it is that you do best to yourself when you get all excited. Please, don't send us any letters or anything else that you might think we'd want from you. We try to discourage any contact between the scum that reads this piece of shit and the scum that writes it. If you want to send us cash, that's a whole new ball game. Send all cash for no reason to: Cash Department, WHORUM Magazine (full address withheld due to local and state mail fraud and disease control laws), New York, NY 10022.



quisite pain of being thus purged, she would coo to me, "Ja, mein Bratzi, all zer fraulein love der little soldier mit der clean Schitenblitzer!"

Ever since, the very thought of my Proosti and her Schmutzhoffer has been enough to launch me into paroxysms of orgasmic delight. I finally got up enough nerve to confess all this to my startled wife and, after her initial shock, she came up with a marvelous suggestion: Why not try to contact Proosti and convince her to administer one final purgative, after which my obsessive hunger would hopefully be sated. After much difficulty we finally managed to locate her, living in semiretirement in Stuttgart, West Germany. My wife wired her only that her Bratzi needed her, and she at once cabled back that she was on her way.

I was filled with misgivings: Would she be willing to help? Would she, in her advanced years, have lost her wondrous technique? Would she be horrified at the thought of confronting the "business end" of a now quite grown-up Bratzi? The day she arrived, one look at her was enough to allay all my fears. The years had been kind: she was as robust as I remembered her, and, clutched tightly under her arm was the very object of so many blissful hours of self-abuse, the beloved Flushmeister! With barely a nod to my wife, Proosti pronounced "So!" and marched me into the bathroom. As my belt buckle danced loudly along the tile floor, I shuffled bare-assed to the edge of the tub, and, trembling uncontrollably, I bent over. "Tsk, tsch, mein Bratzi," scolded Proosti, "zese long years you haf not make zer call to your Proosti, und now

look! Your Schitenblitzer shtarfs for mein Flushmeister! Your wife, she must learn! She vill come!" With that, she dragged my wife into the bathroom, where she sat, transfixed, on the toilet. "Now, missy!" cried my Teutonic taskmistress, "Look und learn!" She then plunged the trusty Schmutzhoffer deep into my vaseline-smear "Sitzerhollern" and started the warm water flowing. "You zee? Do you zee vot I am learning you? Ja? Zer control of zer pressure, zis iss *effrying!* I do not make here mit der ha-ha! Zis iss zeriou! Ach! Attend to his schludmachen, missy! Schnell!" Sure enough, my cock was as straight and rigid as a Wehrmacht officer's spine. My wife knelt down and put her lovely mouth to work. In my condition it was all over in seconds. "Ja, it iss goot! Goot Bratzi!" cooed Proosti, as she patted my head and winked at my wife. "Ven you know how to supply from zer rear," she bellowed, "zere iss neffer trouble mit der troops at der front!"

Later, as I lay in a warm tub, feeling better than I had in years, my wife came into the bathroom. "Proosti left," she whispered. "She said she hates long goodbyes . . . but she left us *this!*" Reaching behind her back, my wife brought out the wondrous Flushmeister, and hung it lovingly on the bathroom door. From that day on everything has been *wunderbar*.

Mr. Heimlich Rimmmler,
Paraguay

NOTHING UP MY SLEEVE

Something happened to me last week that I know only the fine readers of *Whorum* magazine will believe. Let me start by saying that I love to suck cock. I've got a bigger than average mouth. Not a hippopotamus's mouth like some other girls I know, but big enough. That is, until I met Chuck. Chuck is the guy I just started going out with. He's captain of the high-school gymnastics team.

We hadn't had any sex yet, but I knew it would be worth the wait. On the occasion of us going out for a week, he treated me to a romantic dinner. Afterwards we decided to go back to my place.

I live in a studio apartment and the only furniture I own is a queen-size bed, so once we arrived there wasn't much else we could do. I like to take charge so I immediately went to work on his cock. It was the biggest that I'd ever "laid" eyes on. This would be a challenge. With my mouth nibbling on his testicles my free hands undressed him. I was steaming and wanted his massive meat badly.

With a greater ease than I expected, I took his long, thick shaft into my mouth and proceeded to suck him deep inside of me. Then I grabbed his balls and stuffed them into my mouth. I had plenty of room left and I wasn't going to stop there.

Soon I had Chuck in a jackknife position, on his back with his legs completely parallel to his body. He was literally folded in half. I wonder if all gymnasts are this flexible.

Still with his cock and balls in my mouth, I started to suck on his ass. Before I knew it I had his muscular buttocks in my mouth. I just kept sucking and swallowing, all the while Chuck screaming in disbelief. But there was no turning back now. I was about to do something no other girl in my county had ever done before.

Soon enough I had swallowed up to just before Chuck's shoulders and knees. It was getting a little harder to breathe and I was beginning to feel the corners of my lips beginning to crack, which, considering the circumstances, was all understandable. But, I figured, after his shoulders and knees, his head, outstretched arms, and the remainder of his legs would be a breeze.

With a little effort Chuck's shoulders and knees passed through my mouth. Within seconds I had swallowed his head, elbows, and calves. His hands and toes were within sight. I paused to ponder the "feat" I was about to accomplish. It was all becoming clear to me, "I was about to swallow my boyfriend." I had to finish. I was too excited to wait any longer.

It was all happening so easily. His ankles, his wrists, his toes, his hands, and his fingers.

Needless to say, I did it, and I don't want to sound "cocky," but I felt there was still room for, at least, a full set of luggage and a spare tire.

Now I must say, if those girls had mouths like hippopotamuses, then I must have a black hole. So, I know it's a cliché, but "I can't believe I ate the whole thing!"

Ms. Hedda Gobbler,
Denmark

STRANGE . . .

I'm a forty-year-old married man who happens to be chairman of the board at the nation's leading car company. My wife is as beautiful as any woman I've ever seen. We enjoy a variation of a fantasy I often read about in these pages. This is how it works. My wife and I will usually have a few drinks after dinner and then head down to one of the city's classier fern bars,

the kind where a lot of young jocks hang out. We'll have a few more rounds there until she feels ready to pick up the young stud to come home with us. She'll bring him down to our limousine where I'm waiting. During the drive home we explain to the young man the nature of our fantasy. He will have sex with my wife while I am in a cupboard observing through a peephole. However, there are two catches. The first is that I'm locked inside a cupboard with a small peephole. There is no way for me to get out since my wife has the key. The second catch is that as soon as they've locked me in the cupboard, they go to another room in the house to have sex. For hours I struggle and scream in vain to get myself out of the cupboard to catch a glimpse, but I never manage to. The frustration is exhilarating.

And the people at the office wonder how I keep such a beautiful wife.

Mr. John Z. D. Igotcokeforya,
Michigan

DISCRIMINATION

I believe every girl is entitled to choose whoever she wants to have sex with, for what reasons she wants to have sex, the amount of men she wants to have sex with at one time, the amount of women she wants to have sex with at one time, the amount of men and women she wishes to have sex with at one time, the amount of animals she wants included in the sexual act, the type of whip she likes to use or get whipped by, the time of day she wishes to have sex, the place she wishes to have sex, the type of sexual act she wishes to be a part of, and the age she wishes to do it at. I mean, isn't this what America is all about, liberty, freedom of choice, and all that jazz? Well, then, how come I've got to wait thirteen years, until I'm eighteen years old, to be able to make these decisions?

Ms. Drew B.,
California

I THOUGHT I'D DONE IT ALL

I'm a luscious thirty-eight-year-old female who works in one of the toll booths on Highway 69, giving out change. You could never imagine what I've seen come rolling through my toll-booth gates. Through the years of my experiences I can honestly say that I've seen and done it all. At least I thought I had. And now I'm sure of it.

A few weeks ago I was able to get a longer than average lunch break. So I got in my car and drove about

two miles to the nearest rest stop. I like it there because it has a nice atmosphere, picnic tables surrounded by a dense forest. When I got there it seemed pretty deserted except for one truck, an eighteen-wheeler.

I was enjoying my favorite issue of *Screw* magazine with a peaceful lunch when I started to hear some noises from over by the truck. Curious and horny, I walked over to the truck. Suddenly the passenger door to the cabin swung open. Inside was a very old, scraggly and tired-looking man. But he was naked and I couldn't resist, so, I hopped into the cab.

We slipped into his sleeper cabin and then I got undressed. It all happened very quickly. He didn't say a word. And when it was all over he left the sleeper. I flipped on the lights so I could see what I was putting where. After all, I still had an afternoon of work ahead of me.

After getting dressed I noticed a pair of jeans, so I grabbed them in order to give them to my mystery lover to put on. When I opened the door to the front cabin he was gone. I looked around but he was nowhere to be seen. There I was in the middle of a deserted rest area holding some old freak's jeans. So I started checking the pockets to see if I could find a wallet and maybe some I.D. I found a wallet. It had a hundred dollars in ones and one piece of I.D. When I studied it I could hardly believe my eyes. It was an identification card from the Teamsters Union. I looked a little closer and it said "President." Beside President it read "Jimmy Hoffa." I couldn't believe it. I had just been fucked by Jimmy Hoffa. The Jimmy Hoffa who's been missing and presumed dead for the last nine years. Now I'm sure I've done it all.

Ms. Debbie Dimebox,
Indiana

INSCREWTABLE

Sirs:

I have been a reader of *Whorum* magazine for over five years now, and as a concerned male citizen I have always paid particular attention to your articles on contraception. For instance, your article by Dr. William Gerkonovich in the February 1978 edition was extremely informing: "The Rhythm Method: Fact or Friction?" was well researched and extremely informative. Dr. Gerkonovich's exploration into moon phases and how they correlate with orgasmic, tidal waves was of particular interest to me. However, upon completion of the article I came to the realization that I had been using the

rhythm method for years.

I discovered the "male" rhythm method while stationed in Taipei during the Vietnam War. Actually, the Asiatic secret was taught to me by a rural village prostitute named Yue Tou. Madame Tou disclosed to me that the method was passed on to her by her mother, who was a village prostitute, and by her grandmother, who happened to be a village prostitute. While engaging in the sexual act with Tou, I would build up extreme amounts of pressure in the deeper regions of my organs, and as I was about to open the main pressure release valve, I would build up to an incredible rhythm, yank my joint out of the well, and explode all over her chest. Hence, the Asiatic Rhythm Method.

In last month's edition of *Whorum* you featured a brilliant piece by Dr. Ruth Wursthymie called: "The Sponge Method: Absorption or Contortion?" The volume of information provided by Dr. Wursthymie on this new contraceptive was unparalleled. For instance, who knew that before puberty the adenohypophysis is unable to secrete any gonadotropic hormones? Who knew that the Zigfield follicle was stored in the endometrium?

Anyway, while I was stationed off the coast of Grenada last year, I had the opportunity to meet a local urban prostitute during our first shore leave. Her name was Miss Jim Jam. Miss Jim Jam revealed to me the secret of the West Indian Sponge Method which was passed down to her from her mother Winnie, a mule, and her grandmother Zule, who was a local urban prostitute of Rosicrucian descent. In the local urban bordello, Miss Jim Jam and I were in the heat of passion. We had eaten the local aphrodisiac shellfish known as Welks, as well as having smoked *grootdge*, a popular plant of the region. As I was opening the bomb-bay doors of my bomber, I pulled the nose up and scored a direct strike between the twin peaks of Jim Jam. At this point, as I was directed to do, I reached over next to the mattress and grabbed a *carule* (a native sponge) and proceeded to wipe the joy fluid from her twin peaks. The local urban prostitutes told me that they had been using the sponge method for years. They convinced me of both its subtlety and professionalism and I continue to use it now with regularity. Keep up the good scientific work at *Whorum* and I and others will continue to subscribe.

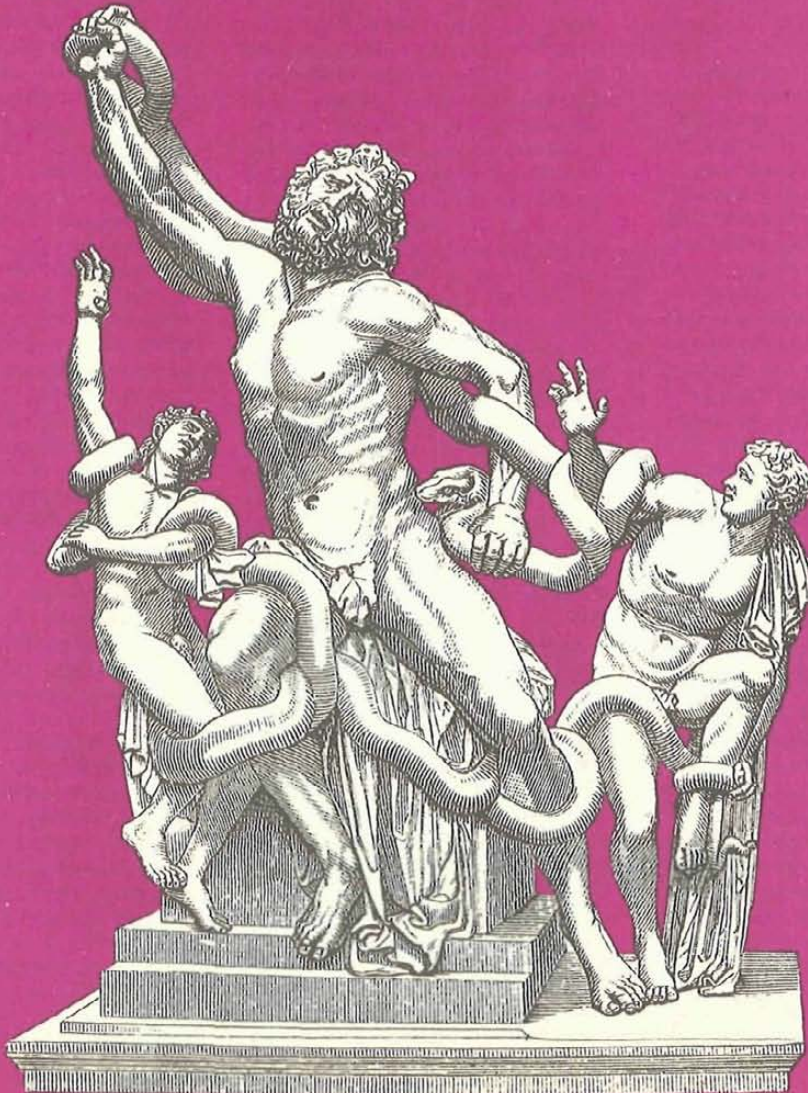
Mr. Fred Ziffel
Green Acres, Mo.

PCE- AMERICA'S UNKNOWN HUMILIATOR

Pop-Goes-the-Weasel at the
most inopportune times.

BY TONY KISCH

By all outward signs Wendell R. is a successful, well-adjusted young man. At thirty-three he is an up-and-coming executive at a well-known animal-food manufacturing concern, well-liked by peers and subordinates alike.



He has a lovely young wife and two healthy young children. Wendell R., however, is a deeply troubled man, given to severe and frequent fits of depression. He suffers from this nation's most misunderstood sexual ailment: PCE, or Post-Coital Ejaculation.

Once considered the very rarest of the stress-related sexual impairments, PCE is fast on the rise among America's young, highly motivated, success-oriented white-collar executives, who seem to bring to the bedroom the same inflexibly high standards and competitive zeal they employ in the boardroom. Simply defined, PCE is the human male's inability to climax during intercourse, followed by a spontaneous and thoroughly unsolicited orgasm anywhere from three to fourteen hours after sexual activity has ceased. Understandably, PCE wreaks terrible havoc with its victims' social and professional lives, as Wendell R.'s story so poignantly illustrates:

"It's gradually turned my life into complete chaos. The other night Mary and I indulged in every position and variation known to man or beast for a full eleven hours without even a hint of success. The next day, at a crucial board meeting, I exploded in delicious yet humiliating agony while presenting my ad proposal on Rooster Chow to Mr. Blorpmen. I covered my sopping

crotch with a full-color eight-by-ten glossy of a crowing Rhode Island Red, and sheepishly backed out of the room. My career, my marriage, my life . . . it's all . . . it's all . . . finished!"

Though previously thought untreatable, not to mention repulsive, by the world's leading sexual authorities, there now seems to be new hope for Wendell R. and his thousands of fellow pariahs. Working out of Chicago's famed Center for

☞PCE is fast on the rise among America's young, highly motivated, success-oriented white-collar executives, who seem to bring to the bedroom the same inflexibly high standards and competitive zeal they employ in the boardroom.☞

the Sexually Chagrined, Dr. Evelyn Goatmilk and Dr. Elijah Smoot have recently met with remarkable success in combatting PCE. Ignoring doomsayers like Kinsey ("It's absolutely incurable . . . and so unappetizing!") and Hite ("I tried to counsel a case once . . . the pages of my *PDR* are *still* stuck together!"), Goatmilk and Smoot have elected to tackle the problem through highly unorthodox (and, from a hygienic viewpoint, highly dangerous) "hands-on" therapy.

"Incurable? Absolute

cock-rot!" sniffed the un-sinkable Goatmilk at a recent interview in his cramped yet uncomfortable office. "It's simply a matter of relaxing the patient and getting to the root of the problem." Nodding vigorous agreement while wiping viscous fluid from his bifocals, the energetic Smoot opined, "Relaxation, yes, that's the key . . . and incessant masturbation." The essence of the Goatmilk and Smoot therapy, it seems, lies in yoga-like tranquility exercises followed by a strenuous five-hour masturbation session three to seven hours prior to actual intercourse. "It's time-consuming, yes," allows Goatmilk, "but if you've never shot your wad on a hostile bus driver or maître d', don't knock it!"

In any case, the Goatmilk and Smoot "cure" (supplemented by massive doses of experimental drugs) won't be available to the frustrated masses until 1989 at the earliest, pending FDA approval. Meanwhile, we can all help by making a sincere effort to understand, rather than shun, the hapless, thoroughly unpleasant sufferers of PCE. In the tragically eloquent words of Wendell R., "I know it's pretty difficult to pal around with someone who might spew jism in any given direction at any given moment, but, if you meet us halfway, I, for one, promise to try to keep from getting any on you."■

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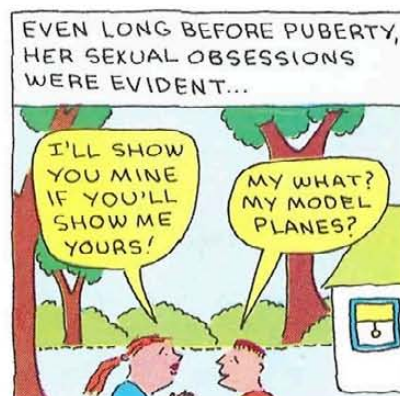
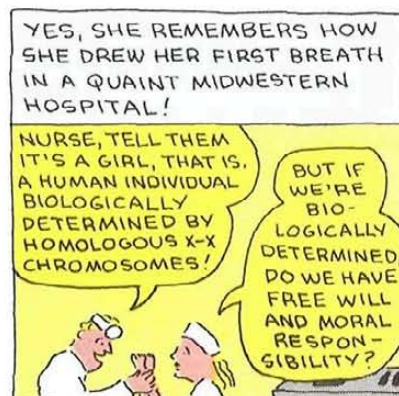
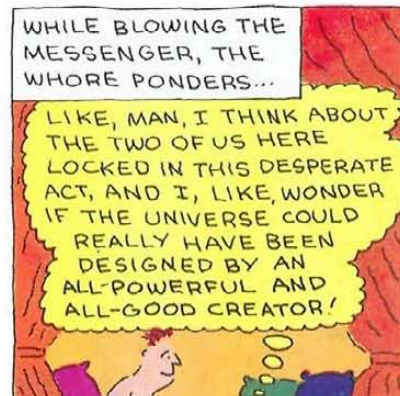
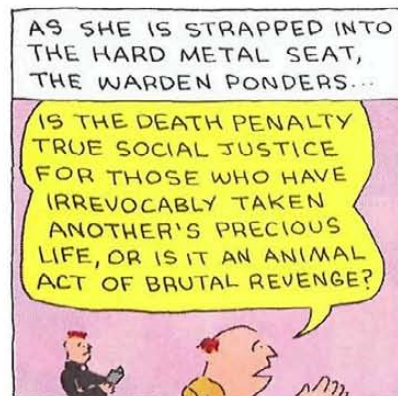
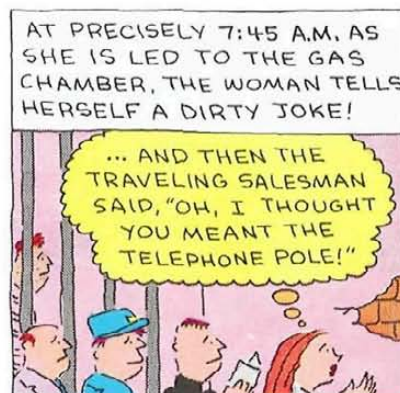
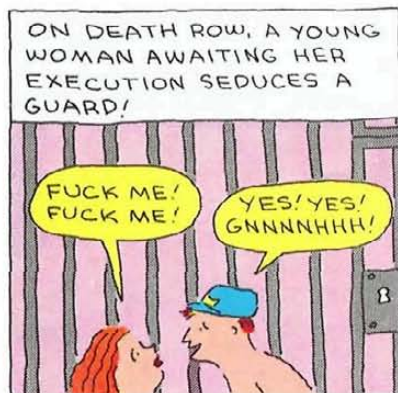
M.C. Visa Acct. # _____ Exp. _____

Swear on your mother to pay later

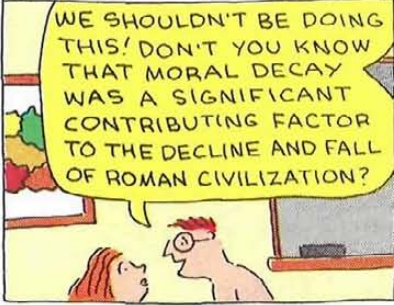
SOCIALLY REDEEMING SEX COMICS!

BY ED SUBITZKY

THE TAWDRIEST, MOST EXPLICIT, MOST VIOLENT, MOST DISGUSTING SEX COMIC EVER WRITTEN — BUT PERFECTLY LEGAL BECAUSE EVERY OTHER PANEL DISCUSSES IMPORTANT SOCIAL, PHILOSOPHICAL AND SCIENTIFIC ISSUES!



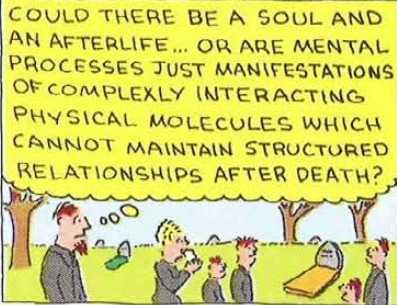
IN SIXTH GRADE, SHE SEDUCES HER HISTORY TEACHER!



AFTERWARDS, IN TOTAL DISGRACE, THE MAN SLITS HIS WRISTS AND BLEEDS A LOT!



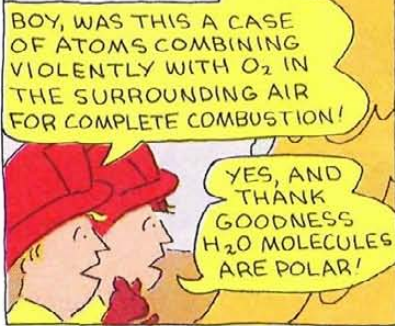
AT THE FUNERAL, THE SCHOOL SCIENCE TEACHER WONDERS...



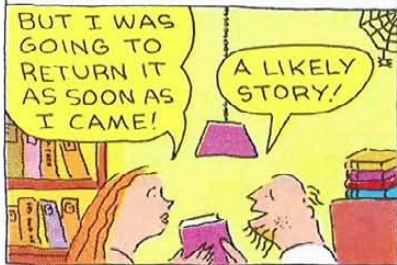
IN RETRIBUTION, SHE GETS AN "F" IN DEPARTMENT! HER PARENTS GET ANGRY AND SHE BURNS THE HOUSE DOWN!



THE FIREMEN OBSERVE...



AT NINETEEN, AFTER BEING CAUGHT SHOPLIFTING IN AN EROTIC BOOKSTORE, SHE IS THROWN OUT OF TOWN!



TO GET TO NEW YORK, SHE HOPS A FREIGHT TRAIN, WHICH IS A LOCOMOTIVE DEVICE ULTIMATELY DEPENDANT UPON NEWTON'S FIRST, SECOND AND THIRD LAWS OF MOTION, WITH RELATIVISTIC CORRECTIONS NOT NECESSARY!



ON THE WAY, JUST FOR FUN, SHE HAS SEX WITH A BULLDOG!



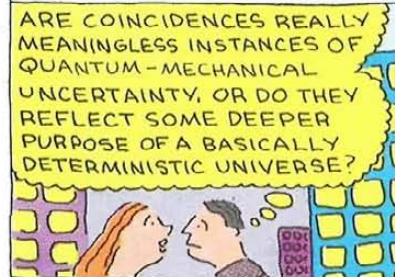
SHE ARRIVES PENNILESS IN NEW YORK CITY AND CAN'T EVEN FIND WORK AS A PROSTITUTE!



AFTER ROBBING A BANK, KILLING THE GUARDS, AND SHOOTING SEVERAL INNOCENT, PREGNANT BYSTANDERS...



BY COINCIDENCE, SHE BUMPS INTO A YOUNG MAN WHO FALLS MADLY IN LOVE WITH HER AND THINKS...

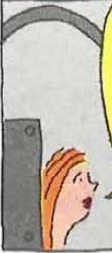


ONE DAY SHE BEATS THE YOUNG MAN WITH A LEATHER BUGGY WHIP AND HE DISCOVERS HE LOVES IT!



WITH SEVEN MINUTES LEFT TO LIVE, THE YOUNG WOMAN CONTINUES PONDERING THE PAST THAT HAS LED HER TO THIS GRIM END...

BUT WHAT IS THE PAST, REALLY, IN LIGHT OF EINSTEIN'S STARTLING CONCLUSIONS ABOUT TIME DILATION AND LACK OF ABSOLUTE SIMULTANEITY?



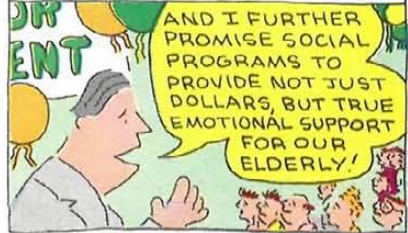
MEANWHILE, THE MESSENGER WITH THE GOVERNOR'S PARDON SUDDENLY REMEMBERS HIS IMPORTANT MISSION, BUT CAN'T RESIST STILL ANOTHER SEX ACT WITH THE PROSTITUTE!

MAKE ME COME AS FAST AS YOU CAN!

THAT'LL BE \$125... \$150... \$175...



WITH SIX MINUTES LEFT, THE YOUNG WOMAN RECALLS HOW HER LOVER, HIS OBSESSION MERCIFULLY UNKNOWN TO THE WORLD, RECEIVES HIS PARTY'S NOMINATION FOR PRESIDENT!



AND I FURTHER PROMISE SOCIAL PROGRAMS TO PROVIDE NOT JUST DOLLARS, BUT TRUE EMOTIONAL SUPPORT FOR OUR ELDERLY!

HE HAS TO NAME HIS RUNNING MATE AND SHE BLACKMAILS HIM!

EITHER YOU PUT ME ON YOUR TICKET, OR I'LL NOT ONLY TELL THE WORLD YOUR SHAMEFUL SECRET, BUT I'LL NEVER BEAT YOU AGAIN!

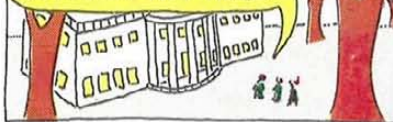
OKAY! OKAY!

MORE! MORE! MORE!



HE WINS BY A LANDSLIDE! THEY MARRY AND MOVE INTO THE WHITE HOUSE TOGETHER!

MR. PRESIDENT AND MRS. VICE-PRESIDENT, WELCOME TO THE WHITE HOUSE WHICH WAS BUILT IN 1792 AND WAS DESIGNED BY JAMES HOBAN IN THE NEOCLASSICAL ARCHITECTURAL STYLE OF HIS TIME!



IMMEDIATELY, SHE FUCKS THE ENTIRE WHITE HOUSE STAFF, ALL OF CONGRESS, AND ALL OF THE PEOPLE TAKING GUIDED TOURS OF WASHINGTON!

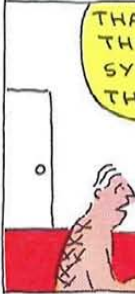
BOY, THE TRAVEL AGENT NEVER TOLD ME I'D FUCK THE NATION'S SECOND IN COMMAND!



OOOH! YES! YES! MORE! OH! YES!

THE PRESIDENT, COVERED WITH WELTS FROM HIS CONTINUAL BEATINGS, THINKS...

THANK GOODNESS FOR THE HUMAN IMMUNE SYSTEM, PARTICULARLY THE B-LYMPHOCYTES THAT HAVE SLOWLY EVOLVED OVER MILLENNIA ACCORDING TO DARWINIAN LAW!



CONFUSED, HE PASSES AND SIGNS SEXUALLY ORIENTED LAWS AT HIS WIFE'S INSANE URGING!

AND FROM THIS DAY HEREWITH, ALL ABLE-BODIED AMERICANS ARE TO PURCHASE PARAKEETS AND PERFORM INTERCOURSE WITH THEM ON AN HOURLY BASIS!



FINALLY, HE CAN'T STAND HIMSELF ANY LONGER!

WHAT HAVE I DONE! WHAT HAVE I BECOME! AM I THE PRODUCT OF SKINNERIAN CONDITIONING, FREUDIAN PSYCHOANALYTIC DYNAMICS, OR NEURAL HARD-WIRING ALONG THE LINES OF SOCIOBIOLOGICAL REASONING?



HE TELLS HIS WIFE HE'S GOING TO REVEAL EVERYTHING TO THE WORLD, EVEN IF IT MEANS THE END OF THEIR POLITICAL CAREERS! SHE ATTACKS HIM WITH A COPY OF THE CONGRESSIONAL RECORD, AND HE DIES SLOWLY OF 10,000 BLEEDING PAPER CUTS!

ARGGGH!



IN THE HALLS, A BUTLER HEARS THE MOANING, BUT IS AFRAID TO GO IN!

AFTER ALL, SOUND IS JUST A SENSE IMPRESSION, AND DO WE REALLY HAVE THE RIGHT TO INFER A WORLD "OUT THERE" FROM SUCH SUBJECTIVELY TAINTED DATA?



SHE CHOPS HER HUSBAND UP INTO LITTLE TINY PIECES AND FEEDS HIM TO THE GUESTS AT THE OFFICIAL DINNER CELEBRATING HER SUCCESSION TO THE PRESIDENCY!



UMM... VERY GOOD!

I ESPECIALLY LIKE THE SAUCE!

AS PRESIDENT, THE FATE OF THE ENTIRE PLANET IS IN HER HANDS!

THE EARTH IS FINALLY MINE... (INCLUDING ALL SEVEN MAJOR TECTONIC PLATES WHICH DRIFT GRADUALLY OVER MILLENNIA AND CAUSE THE DEVELOPMENT OF MIDOCEAN RIDGES AND OTHER GEOLOGICAL FEATURES!

HER BLOOD LUST BOILING AT AN UNCONTROLLABLE PITCH, SHE FINDS THAT SHE CANNOT REACH ORGASM UNLESS SHE H-BOMBS A FOREIGN CITY!

AMERICA TODAY RAINED NUCLEAR WARHEADS ON COPENHAGEN FOR NO APPARENT REASON!

YES! OH YES! AGGGGGH!

IN BETWEEN, SHE GOES TO MOVIES, CHEWS POPCORN NOISILY, AND MAKES OBNOXIOUS, IF VALID, CRITICAL COMMENTS!

IN MY OPINION, THE CINEMA, LIKE ALL ART FORMS, MUST ACHIEVE ITS EFFECTIVENESS THROUGH A COHERENT STRUCTURE INTEGRATING PLOT, CHARACTER, AND EMOTION!

CONCERNED PEOPLE EVERYWHERE TRY TO STOP HER, BUT THE HANDS OF THE COURTS ARE TIED!

WE KNOW SHE'S RESPONSIBLE FOR MILLIONS OF DEATHS, BUT WE JUST CAN'T GET ANY DIRECT EVIDENCE!

AND SHE KEEPS BURNING ALL OUR BUILDINGS DOWN!

DECLARING HER FREE ONCE AGAIN, THE JUDGE WONDERS...

HAVE WE GONE SO FAR IN PROTECTING THE RIGHTS OF OUR CITIZENS THAT WE FAIL TO PROTECT THEIR RIGHT TO SAFETY AND SECURITY FROM VIOLENT CRIMINALS?

FINALLY, HER SEXUAL PERVERSIONS REACH A PEAK WHERE SHE CAN ONLY REACH ORGASM DURING A WORLDWIDE NUCLEAR WAR!

I'LL BOMB MOSCOW... THEY'LL RETALIATE... LIFE ON EARTH WILL BE WIPED OUT... BUT I'LL COME!

AS THE MISSILES HEAD TOWARDS MOSCOW, A TOP GOVERNMENT SCIENTIST THINKS...

STRANGE HOW THE WORLD WILL END IN A THERMONUCLEAR MAXIMIZATION OF ENTROPY, SO UNLIKE THE MINIMAL CONDITION OF ENTROPY EMERGING FROM THE ORIGINAL "QUARK SOUP" AFTER THE BIG BANG!

WHEN SUDDENLY, IN THE COURTS, A MAN RUSHES IN...

I'M A FIREMAN FROM THE TOWN WHERE SHE WAS BORN, AND LOOK! I'VE GOT EVIDENCE! THE HAMSTER FINALLY DIED OF SMOKE POISONING!

PRaise BE! ARREST HER AND CALL OFF THE MISSILES AT ONCE!

MEANWHILE, IN A FOREST OUTSIDE OF WASHINGTON, A TREE FALLS WHEN NO ONE IS THERE, AND MAY OR MAY NOT MAKE A SOUND!

IN THE GAS CHAMBER, THE YOUNG WOMAN'S MIND COMES BACK TO THE PRESENT! JUST AS THE CYANIDE PELLETS ARE ABOUT TO FALL INTO THE ACID, SHE TEARS OFF HER CLOTHES!

AT LEAST I CAN DIE LIKE A CENTERFOLD!

SUDDENLY THE GOVERNOR'S MESSENGER RUSHES IN WITH THE PARDON!

EVEN THOUGH I'VE ARRIVED AT THE VERY LAST MOMENT, YOU MUST STILL STOP THE EXECUTION BY THE BASIC ORDER-RELATION INHERENT IN THE NUMERICAL CONTINUUM!

THE SHOCK OF A SECOND CHANCE MAKES HER REALIZE THE ERROR OF HER WAYS!

REMEMBER... TO ERR IS HUMAN, TO FORGIVE IS DIVINE EVEN THOUGH I'M STILL NAKED WITH MY TITS SHOWING!

THE END

ALL THE WOMEN WARREN BEATTY HAS EVER DICKED

(in alphabetical order)*

1 Abbey	24 Adora	47 Aleria	70 Alvina	93 Anita
2 Abbie	25 Adorabelle	48 Alethea	71 Alzena	94 Ann
3 Abby	26 Adria	49 Alexandra	72 Amabel	95 Annette
4 Abigail	27 Adrienne	50 Alexis	73 Amanda	96 Annunciata
5 Abra	28 Agatha	51 Alfonsine	74 Amaris	97 Anona
6 Acacia	29 Agave	52 Alfreda	75 Amaryllis	98 Anselma
7 Acantha	30 Agnes	53 Alice	76 Amber	99 Anthea
8 Ada	31 Aida	54 Alicia	77 Ambrosine	100 Antoinette
9 Adabelle	32 Aidan	55 Alissa	78 Amelia	101 Antonia
10 Adah	33 Aileen	56 Alima	79 Amelinda	102 Anya
11 Adalia	34 Ailsa	57 Alison	80 Amena	103 Aphrodite
12 Adamina	35 Aimee	58 Allegra	81 Amethyst	104 Apolline
13 Adar	36 Airlia	59 Alma	82 Amity	105 April
14 Adela	37 Aislinn	60 Almira	83 Amy	106 Arabella
15 Adele	38 Alana	61 Aloha	84 Anabel	107 Ardis
16 Adelaide	39 Alarice	62 Aloyse	85 Anabella	108 Ardra
17 Adeline	40 Alberta	63 Aloysia	86 Anabelle	109 Argenta
18 Adelpha	41 Albinia	64 Alpha	87 Anastasia	110 Ariadne
19 Adiel	42 Alcina	65 Alta	88 Anatola	111 Arlene
20 Adine	43 Alda	66 Althea	89 Andrea	112 Armida
21 Adna	44 Aldis	67 Alula	90 Ancmone	113 Armilla
22 Adolpha	45 Aldora	68 Alura	91 Angela	continued
23 Adonia	46 Alene	69 Alva	92 Angie	on page 104

*Note: for legal reasons we are compelled to print *first* names only.



1985 1ST PLACE
ALONZO HARRIS
AKA RASTUS WADD
The Rancher with the Most Rope
18.2" PLE (Penile Length Erect)

A Whole New Bag

by Tony Kisch

Dan Sauer's stomach was letting him know it was going to be a rat's ass of a day. As he slurped up a disgusting chalky mouthful of antacid, Dan did his best to look at it all stoically; old man Broadbent had called him to arrange a "tip-top priority meeting," and news like that always signaled his duodenum to march out the gastrointestinal gestapo. He glanced at his watch. Fifteen minutes to go. Barking out a foul belch redolent with day-old luncheon meat and decades-old disillusionment, Dan leaned back in his

chair and reflected on his seventeen years with Phoenician Condoms. Metaphorically, he had started at the scrotum, and now, approaching middle age, he had finally reached the glans. He had begun on the assembly line, in quality control, a fresh-faced lad of twenty-four; and now, at a quite gastrically distressed forty-one, he found himself junior vice-president in charge of Marketing Research. On the assembly line he had blown up rubbers to the size of footballs, stretched them, filled them with everything from gasoline to Gatorade, stomped on them, and used them as slingshots. At least in those days, however, he could go home at

the end of the day and forget it all. Now, for forty thousand dollars a year, his very dreams were populated nightly with frilled rubbers, colored rubbers, wet rubbers, dry rubbers, rubbers made from gnu spleens and ocelot membrane, and even *talking* rubbers. When they talked they laughed and told him that he had an idiotic job. Dan knew it, the talking rubbers knew it, but alas, Broadbent didn't know it, and Broadbent was waiting.

"Sauer!!" bellowed the little red-faced man behind the out-sized mahogany desk, "our image stinks!" Broadbent got out of his overstuffed chair, puffed himself up to his full,

magisterial five feet four inches, and began to pace about the room. "Not just Phoenician's image, mind you, but that of the entire men's prophylactic industry!" Broadbent always said "men's prophylactics"; when it rained, Dan mused, he probably barked at his wife to fetch him his "ambulatory prophylactics." The little old man blustered on. "People think they're sleazy, or disgusting, or funny, but never . . . uh . . . classy!" Dan couldn't help chuckling. "You're certainly right on that, sir!"

"It's not funny, dammit, Sauer!!" roared Broadbent. "We need to do something!"

"Well, sir," offered Dan, "things have been looking up. The pill is now frowned on by the medical establishment and the healthy womb bunch. Venereal diseases are more rampant than ever; why, this herpes thing alone has been a godsend! The latest college polls show that twenty-seven percent of male climaxes are being contained by condoms on campus, often *in addition* to other contraceptive methods, and this is a dramatic increase over . . ."

"Yes, yes, Sauer, I know the statistics. But the *image*, boy, the *image*. That ball's in your court . . . doesn't it worry you?"

"Well, sir, uh, yes, sir, yes it does, but I don't see how . . ."

"Listen, Sauer, I had an idea last night. You know that beer company that publishes that little book of

world's records on consecutive indoor farting and the like? And that tire company that puts out that snobby guide to snobby restaurants? Well, *those* things have made the public think those companies are pretty classy, and goddamnit, Sauer, men's prophylactics are certainly just as classy as beer and tires!"

"That's quite true, sir, no one can argue with that," Dan quickly brown-nosed, which set him off on a new round of peptic paroxysms.

"Rrrrrright!! And what could be more natural for the Phoenician Condom Company than [Broadbent brought his flushed face to within inches of Dan's, triumphantly whispering] a showcase for sexual accomplishments, a [his voice growing louder] Sexual Hall of Fame!!"

"A Sexual Hall of Fame, sir?" asked Dan incredulously.

"Yes, Sauer, and don't look so alarmed! We won't put Betty in it! Hahahaha!!" (Dan forced a laugh at this crude, tasteless reference to his wife.) "Just think of it! It'll be right here in Dacron, Ohio, home of Phoenician Condoms, the American male's second skin! And Dan, old boy [Broadbent leaned forward again, putting his hand on Sauer's sweaty wrist] I want *you* to handle the whole thing—logistics, publicity, research, the whole nine yards!!"

Dan's stomach was grinding mercilessly away, a tortuous intestinal thresher. "M-m-me, sir?" he

squeaked.

"Certainly," bellowed Broadbent. "Who better than Daniel F. Sauer, the fellow who coined the slogan, 'Get a Phoenician for *her* . . . Sheath gonna love it!' I have every confidence in you, my boy. Think about it tonight, and take your time. Just bring me your game plan in the morning."

Dan fumbled frantically for his antacids. "Yes," he answered wearily, "yes, Mr. Broadbent."

That night Dan's wife Betty slipped quietly into bed next to her husband, who was lying on his back, a condom filled with one ice cube over each eye. "I swear," he moaned, "this is the only thing these fucking rubbers are good for!"

Betty stared blankly at the ceiling, gently stroking her breasts through her flimsy nightgown. "I still can't believe that old fossil wants to build a . . . a . . . Sexual Hall of Fame, for Chrissakes, right here in Dacron!"

"Yeah, and when people ask who's in charge of it all, the old shitbox is gonna point straight at *me*!"

"As usual, he's too goddam cheap to hire an ad agency, so he heaps his experimental dung mound on you!"

"Look, Betty," said Dan resignedly, "no agency could handle this thing right anyway. I don't know what's the right way *myself*, but nobody *but* me is ever going to get it. I hate to admit it, but I'm kinda . . . well, ya see . . . I'm kinda getting interested in this thing. I've got some pretty loony ideas already."

Betty laughed. "What are you gonna do? Get the three biggest pricks in America and put them side by side in red, white, and blue ostrich-skin Phoenician Deluxes?"

Dan leaned over and stroked a generous portion of Betty's flawless left honeydew. Leering inanely, he hoarsely whispered, "Yeah, and you'll get to pick *my* color—as long as it's blue."

Two weeks later Broadbent's dream was nearly actualized and it was time to get the word out. The old man had really gone all out this time. The press conference was held in the majestic Visigoth Ballroom of the Dacron Holiday Inn. All three major networks were there, broadcasting the blockbuster story across the nation and, by satellite, around the globe. In addition, representatives from most of the major dailies were there, as well as a good many less than reputable scandal sheets. No condom company had stirred up this much excitement since 1968, when Studwrap Sheaths had brought

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 80)



" . . . And you, Mister Hargrove, must learn to be more patient and learn to distinguish between hiccups and multiple orgasms."

DIRTY MONEY: A How-to Guide to Home Pornography

by Morty Mitchell

Pornography in America is big business. In 1985 American pornographers grossed over seven billion dollars. Seven billion! Most of that dough went to members of the Mafia, or seedy Jewish businessmen with one-room offices in Yonkers. But why should they be raking in all the gravy? Why not you?

With just a little ingenuity and hard work you can cut yourself in on the multi-billion-dollar American pornography business by turning your home into a weekend porno palace!

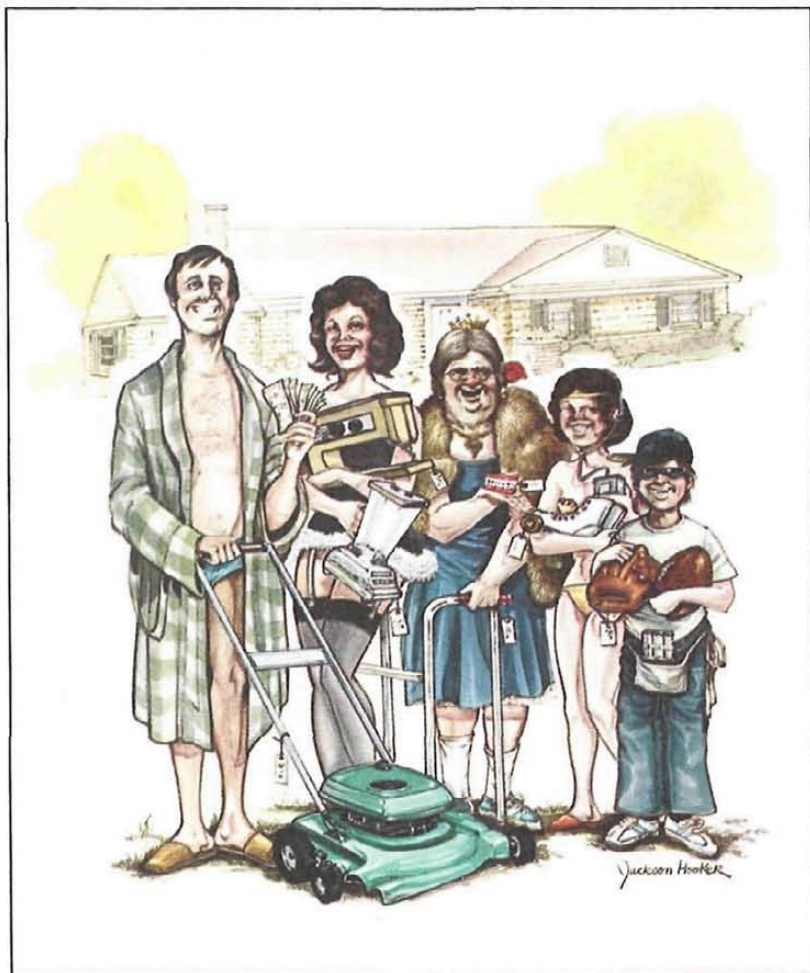
Uh, uh, you say. Not me. I don't know a cock ring from a Tijuana donkey-fuck about pornography! Well, neither did . . .

Howie Jabolowsky!

This is the Jabolowsky family of White Plains, New York. As a quality-control manager for Pfizer Pharmaceutical, Howie Jabolowsky earned \$32,350 in 1983. In 1984 Howie, Madge, and the Jabolowsky teens supplemented that family income by a whopping \$49,858! How? By cutting themselves in on the multi-billion-dollar American pornography business and turning their suburban ranch-style home into a weekend porno palace!

You can do it too!

Says Madge Jabolowsky: "When it comes to 'doing it,' poor Howie is all thumbs. When it comes to selling it, he turns out to be a regular Lee la-cocca!" Says Howie: "People want sex. If you show it to them they will pay you plenty!"



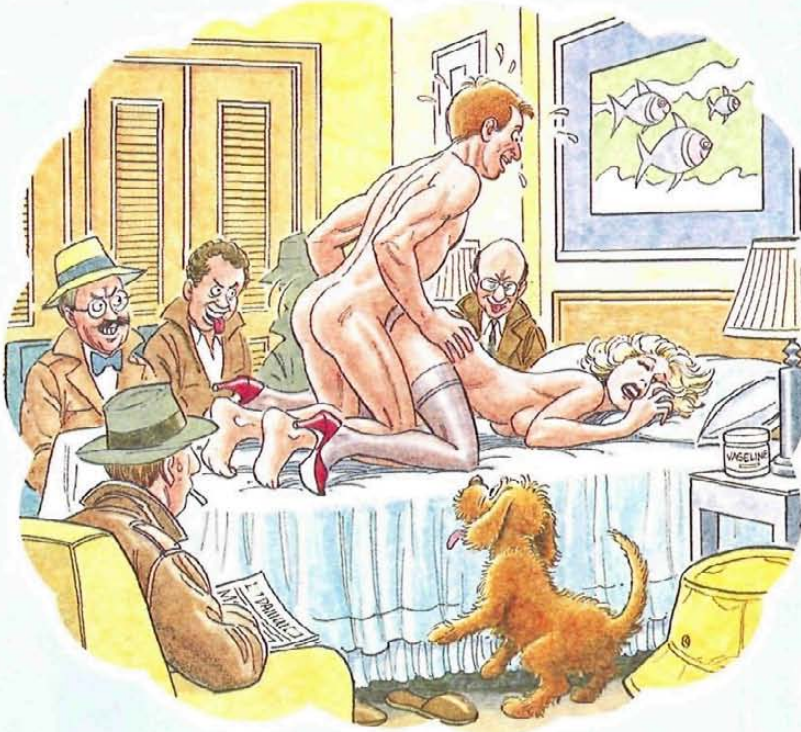
Howie Jabolowsky, Madge, Linda and Tim, and Grandma Jabolowsky posed with just a few of the items they've bought with the proceeds from their thriving weekend porno business.

There Oughta Be a Law . . .

If turning your home into a weekend porno palace sounds like "Risky Business," just remember the old adage, "There's no law against having fun." There are, on the other hand, dozens of laws against having fun in certain ways, and you're probably concerned that selling *Buns and Blow Jobs* magazine may violate the "community standards" of your hometown.

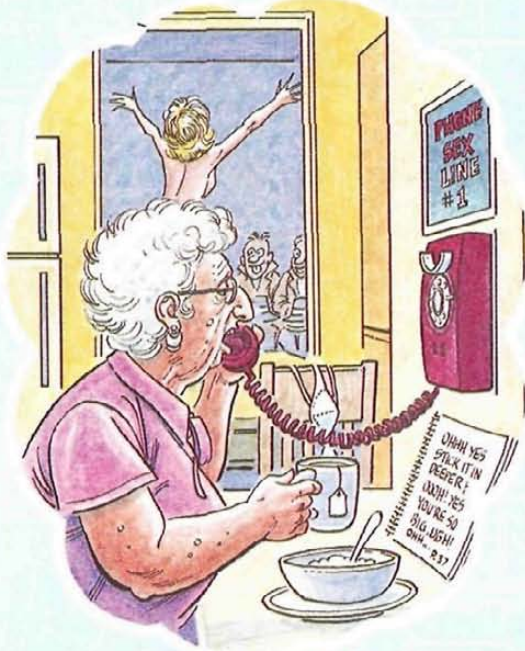
Of course it does. But so what?! Who's complaining?!

Certainly not the next-door neighbors, not if you've been "smart" and handed a few complimentary passes over the back fence. And certainly not the cops. They don't complain unless the neighbors do. So take it easy. The law may not exactly be on your side, but no one's going to kick your door down and start shooting bullets up your ass.



The Boom Boom Rooms

This floor plan is merely meant to be suggestive. It indicates how a "typical" suburban home might be converted to a "typical" porn parlor. Of course, no successful porn parlor can be *truly* typical; it must be *customized* to suit the quirks and special needs of the community it serves. Get to know your friends and neighbors. Do they like to watch



WINING ROOM



young women blow goats? If so, consider turning your child's bedroom into a barnyard. (If it's anything like most children's bedrooms it probably looks like one already!) Any "gay guys" in the neighborhood? Then add a tub of Hot Lube to your line of homemade sex aids (mix 1 c. mayonnaise, 1 c. Vicks Vaporub, 2 tbsp. Tabasco, chill overnight). And remember the old adage: "If you build a better mousetrap, especially one that shows a continuous tape loop of a woman with forty-nine-inch tits fucking a chimpanzee, the world will beat a path to your door!"

Come One, Come All!

Sex is like a subway ride. Dirty, noisy, sweaty, and a little dangerous. That's why professional porn parlors sell their clients tokens when they enter.

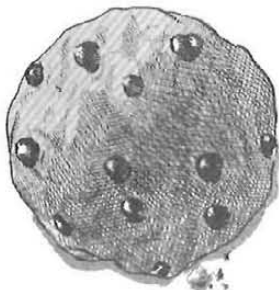
You'll want to use the token system too. But you *won't* want to drop a bundle having brass slugs manufactured for you by the local foundry. What's more, you don't have to! Bridge and tunnel tokens, buttons, paper clips, and other items found around the house make a more than adequate substitute. But beware! Necco wafers, Frosted Mini-Wheats, and other cake and cookie products should be used only as a last resort, since one wise guy with a jumbo sack of Chips Ahoy! can put you out of business.



"The real thing."



"Good substitute."



"Bad substitute."

Dialing for Dollars

What's the latest money-making trend in "pro" pornography? It's sex-by phone! And if you've got a telephone and an extension in your house, you can be part of it!

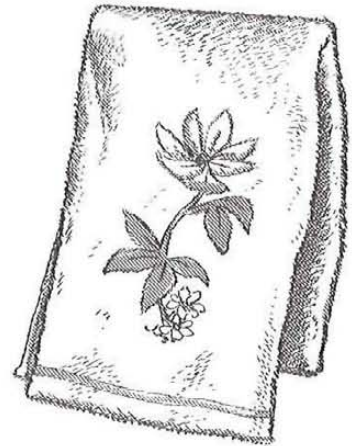
Here's how it works. Your customer picks up one phone and, for a fee, speaks to a woman at the other end. Needless to say, she is a member of your family. She "talks dirty" to him for three minutes, blood rushes to his wienie, time runs out, and that's it! It's like a license to print money!

And consider this. Since no one ever sees the woman on the phone, she can look like a chimpanzee with acne and it won't make any difference! Put your grandma on the line, or cousin Cecilia, who looks like tuna noodle casserole with lips. Just teach 'em to groan "Slam it to me, big boy," and before you know it you'll be farting through silk!

A Little Help for My Friends

Most porn parlors have a section that sells sex aids—vibrators, studded dildos, creams and jellies to prolong erection or delay ejaculation. You want to sell these items, too, but you don't know where to find them, right? Wrong! Look no farther than dad's workbench or mom's kitchen cabinet. Both are chock-a-block full to the top of household items which can double *easily* as high-priced Polynesian Pussy Pads™ or Siamese Boner Benders™. Check the list below, then check the drawers under the kitchen sink, the shelf in the garage, and let your imagination go!

Household Item	Sex Aid
Old Ping-Pong balls ..	Tibetan Eggs of Ecstasy
Old croquet balls ..	Tibetan Eggs of Super Ecstasy
Gravy baster	Penis Power™ Suction Pump
Electric mixer	Princess Vagitator™
Nutcracker ..	Nut-buster™ Testicle Restraint



B.K. TAYLOR



The Real Thing

A good live sex show is the centerpiece of any successful porn operation. Typically, it involves a bed on which two consenting adults perform lurid acts of love, surrounded by a ring of private "viewing booths." These viewing booths provide the horny customer with what he most desires, privacy to watch the show and pull his peeper till it turns blue without being watched himself.

Unfortunately for the home porn entrepreneur, these viewing booths are elaborate, expensive contraptions, equipped with one-way glass, coin-operated shades, and closed-circuit TV cameras. Needless to say, you can't afford that kind of crap. And guess what? You don't have to! Not if you've got half a dozen bath towels in the linen closet. Simply cut a pair of eyeholes in the middle of each towel and you're in business. ■

SNAZZY SCHNOZZ FUN!

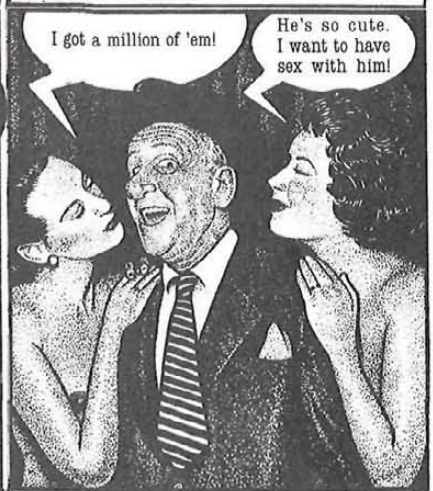
JIMMY DURANTE BOFFS YOUNG STARLETS

BY DREW FRIEDMAN

No more beloved figure ever existed than the Schnozzola.



Yet behind the scenes his thirst for female flesh knew no bounds.



His nightly roundup of Hollywood starlets became habitual.



Wild, lust-filled sexual nights of drunken revelry rocked the Durante home for years.



With promises of stardom dangled before them, the adroit Durante's appetite was forever quenched.



And so, as dawn nears, he's off to spread his special brand of joy.



The New *National Lampoon* Presents A Tale of the THE DIXIE MOBIL

As part of the extensive revamping we've done to bring you the new improved *NatLamp*, we engaged the services of Guffawton International, a high-priced Madison Avenue market-research consulting firm who generated our new improved *NatLamp* contest. Rather than relegate your input to the back pages, we've decided to throw open our feature well to you, the readers, and let you write your very own fumetti (a fancy, high-priced Madison Avenue consulting-firm way of saying photo comic).

We've provided you with a set of photos that have been computer enhanced. The techs say that there are 1,276 possible funny captions (and an infinite amount of unfunny ones). Just fill in the empty balloons with your dream dialogue and send these pages (or a Xerox if you can't bear to cut up your new improved *NatLamp*) along with the completed coupon to us. We'll send the winner (as judged by our crack, new improved editorial staff) the entire contents of a former *National Lampoon* editor's office. That's right, we've unsealed the old office of Ted Mann (who's gone on to tickle the Selectric keys in Hollywood), and you'll receive his desk, desk chair, telephone, *NatLamp* memo pads, and his prize tiger-skin rug.

All right, writers, take your mark, get set! get funny! go!

Written by Patrick Weathers and Rod Jenkins

Photographed by John Duke Kisch

Produced by Patrick Weathers and Mark Groubert



JACK



JO



TARA



JACK, TOUGH YET VULNERABLE. A DAMN-GOOD HASH-SLINGER BUT _____



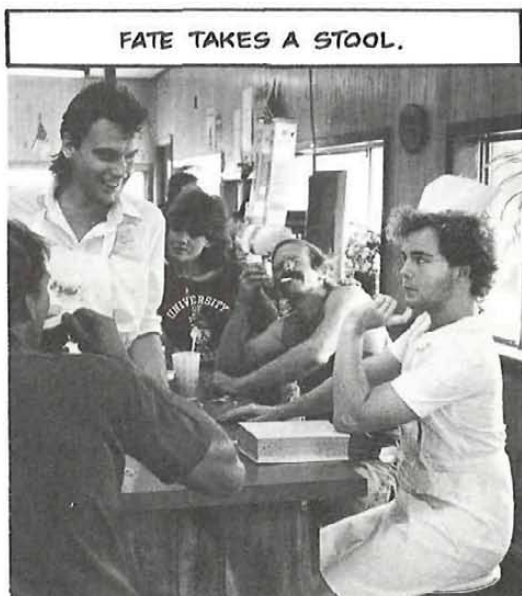
JO, LICENSED PRACTICAL NURSE BY DAY, FUNDAMENTALIST LAY MINISTER BY NIGHT. A REAL GO-GETTER, BUT _____

e New South

THE HOMOS CONTEST



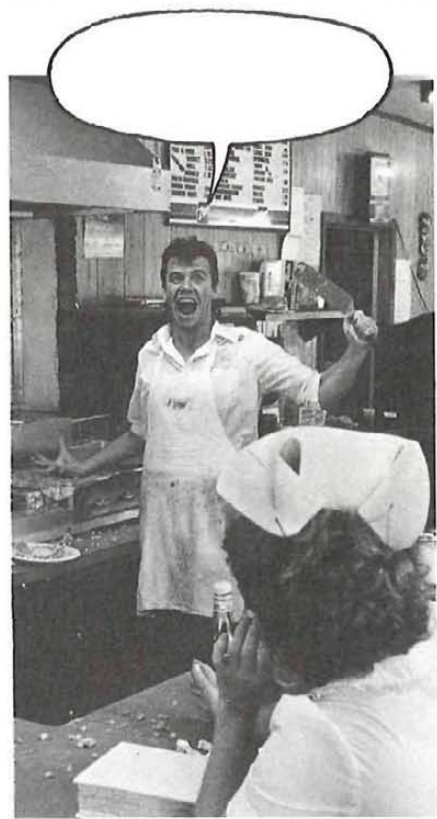
TARA UGANDA, BORN THE GRAND-DAUGHTER OF A SLAVE. NOW, THE FRONT-RUNNING MAYORAL CANDIDATE OF A SMALL MISSISSIPPI TOWN. A WAY WITH WORDS BUT _____

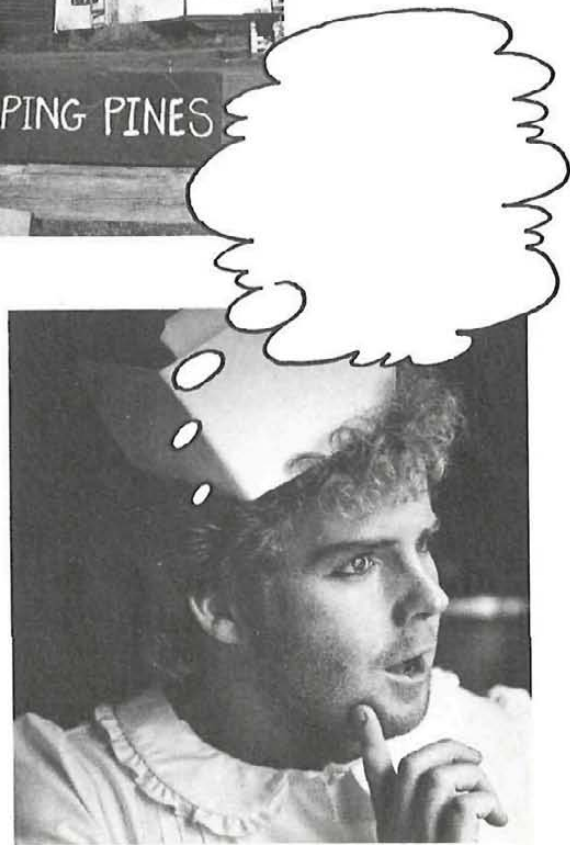
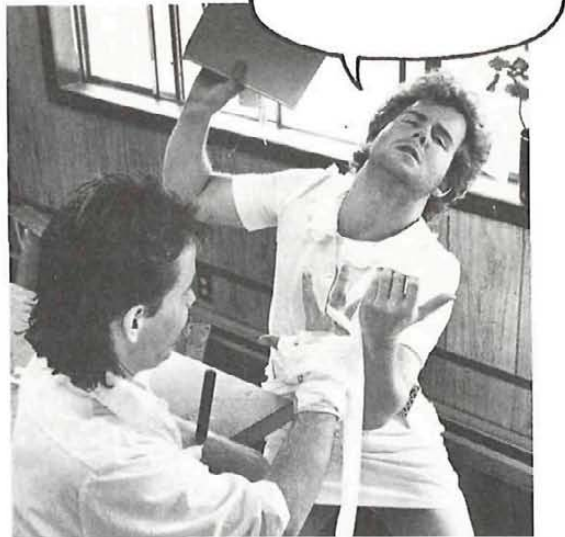


FATE TAKES A STOOL.



MAKE MINE SCATTERED AND SMOTHERED.





DO WACKA
DO WACKA
DO.



NURSING AND EVANGELISM TAKE
THEIR TOLL.



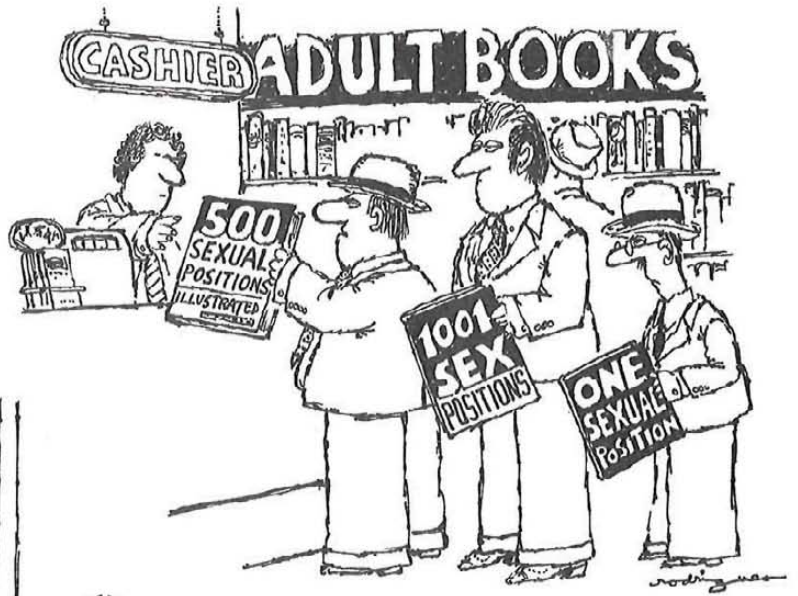
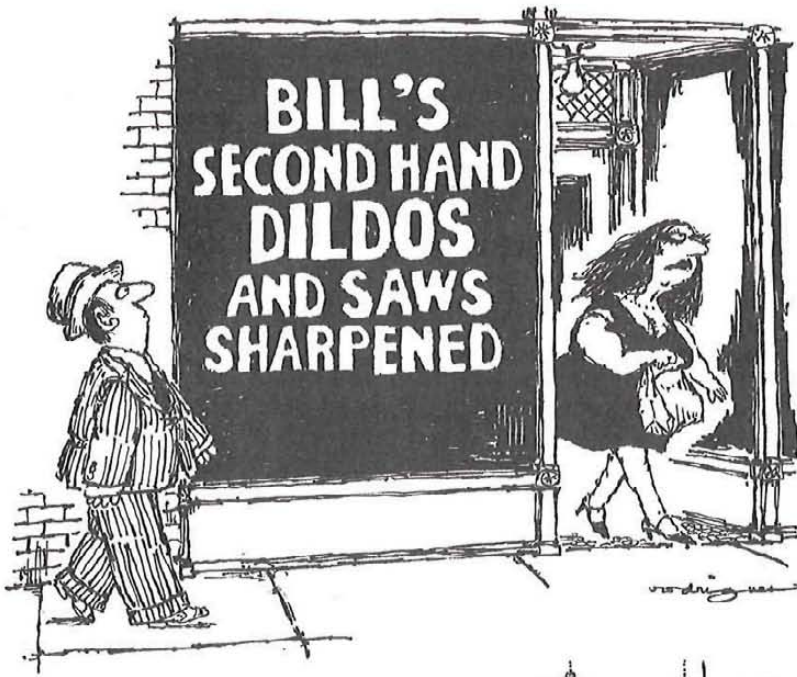
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●
● **Send to:**
● **Dixie Mobile Homos Contest**
● **National Lampoon**
● **635 Madison Ave.**
● **New York, NY 10022**
●
● Name _____
● Address _____
● City _____
● State _____ Zip _____
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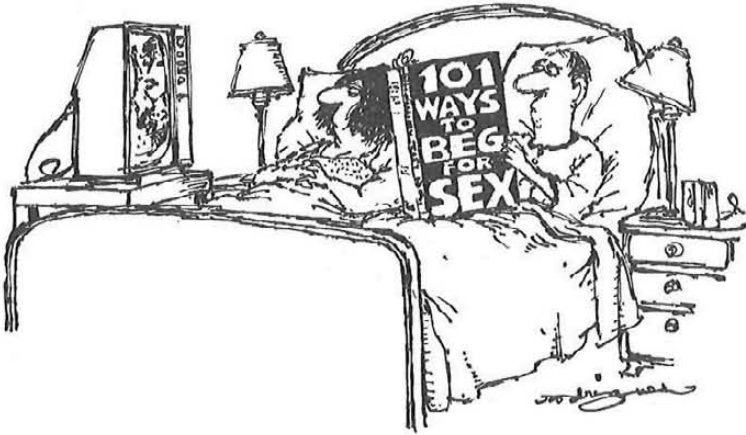
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SEX BY *Stodring*
© 1985









DANCE FEVER

I'VE NEVER BEEN TO THIS CLUB BEFORE.

USUALLY I GO TO THE CONGA...

IT'S CLOSER TO WHERE I WORK.

DO YOU COME HERE OFTEN?

I COME HERE ALL THE TIME.

I REALLY NEED TO UNWIND AFTER SITTING BEHIND A DESK ALL DAY.



WANNA DANCE?

OF COURSE!



GOD! SHE'S INCREDIBLE. WHAT A BODY!

WHAT A TOTAL PIECE OF ASS!



I'D GIVE ANYTHING TO START AT HER TOES. LICK MY WAY UP HER LEGS, AND WRAP THOSE THIGHS AROUND MY NECK.

HE MOVES LIKE A GUY WHO LIKES TO MAKE GIRLS COME



SHAKE THAT ASS, BABY. I COULD SKEWER YOU DOGGIE-STYLE FOR DAYS.

I COULD FUCK YOU ALL NIGHT.





©84 SHARLA PLENNIKEN



DOKTOR BEY'S

CARNAL FREAK SHOW

Ladies and gentlemen . . .

step right up . . . feast your eyes on Doktor Bey's phantasmagasmic carnival of carnal monstrosities. Hundreds of lewd screwballs and lascivious kinky-dinks from around the globe, from the jungles of Africa to the Jersey shore. Amorphous porn-apes and circle-jerking mutants. Deformed whores and crippled smut-puppets. Masters of cryptic masturbation and jumbled limb-lust. Here, for the first time anywhere, the largest collection of circus perverts and sideshow bozos . . . a prurient potpourri of ribald private parts on public display—all for your delight and amazement, and morbid edification. Truly grotesque specimens of warped horniness. Carnal freaks of every shape, aberration, and fetish. Come see them all, the frog-loined, hex-crazed, voodoo-boobed, double-peckered, triple-nippled, titoed, tongue-hung, bunkbacked, noodle-nosed, spermaphroditic, cockeyed, clit-eared, pussy-footed, pinpricked, pickle-dicked, bugger-toed, knot-twatted, cracker-assed, pretzel-testicled, topsy-turvy-curved, anal-painted, diddle-fingered creatures of carnal confusion. They hump, they bump, they wiggle-jack-and-gyrate—lecherously drooling, spewing and oozing right before your very eyes. So don't be shy . . . step inside the doktor's tent of iniquity for the greatest X-rated show on earth!

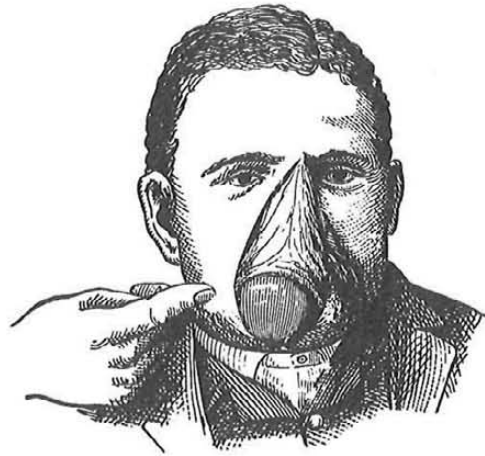


Text and Collages by Derek Pell



SIAMESE SEX-FIENDS

This inseparable duet reveals their shameful secret for successful double-dating.

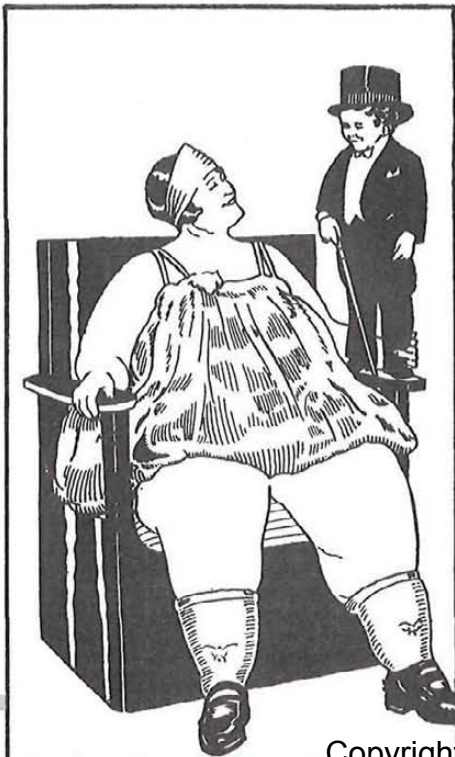


DEXTER THE NOODLE-NOSE

Dexter Snozcock's incredible nasal-phallus is surely God's gift to Kleenex. Achieves orgasm whilst sneezing, and invites onlookers to "Come blow my nose."

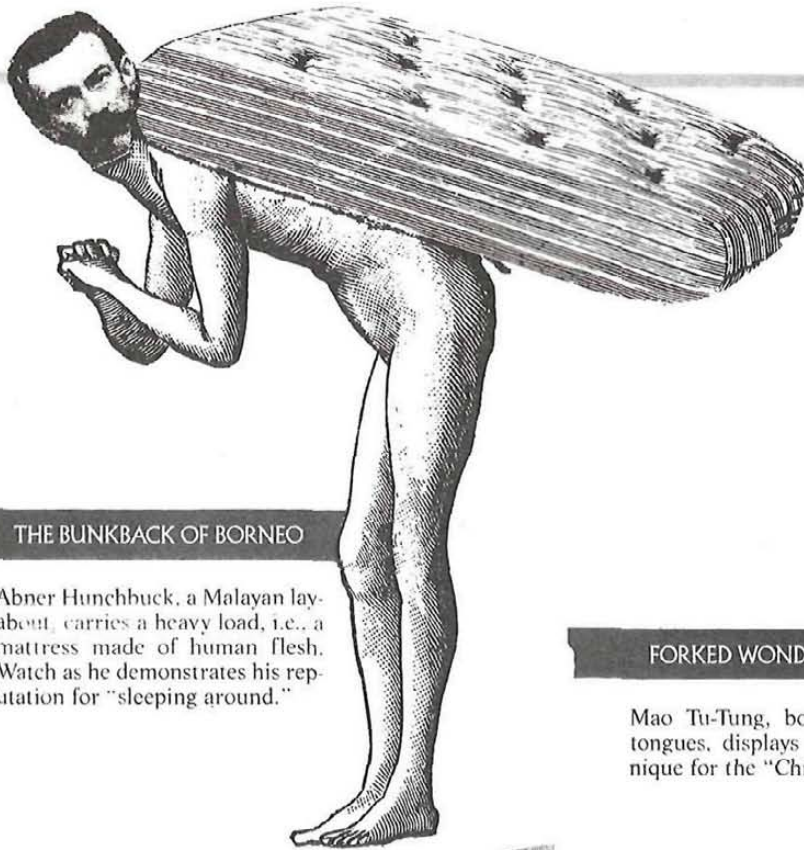
THE GRUESOME TWOSOME

Tank & Tiny Geekwood give new meaning to "bondage and discipline" as they reenact their turbulent wedding night onstage. *Not for the squeamish.*



MARIA THE SINTRILOQUIST

Maria Felatino exhibits her bizarre ability to throw her voice during blow jobs.



THE BUNKBACK OF BORNEO

Abner Hunchbuck, a Malayan layabout, carries a heavy load, i.e., a mattress made of human flesh. Watch as he demonstrates his reputation for "sleeping around."



FORKED WONDER OF THE WORLD

Mao Tu-Tung, born with two rubber tongues, displays his remarkable technique for the "Chinese French Kiss."



MÉNAGE À TRIPOD

Talula, Ted, and Tse-Tse Tuppermoor stand as a living, heavy-breathing testament to the joy of threesomes. You'll thrill to the sight of these kinky hedonists giving each other head.

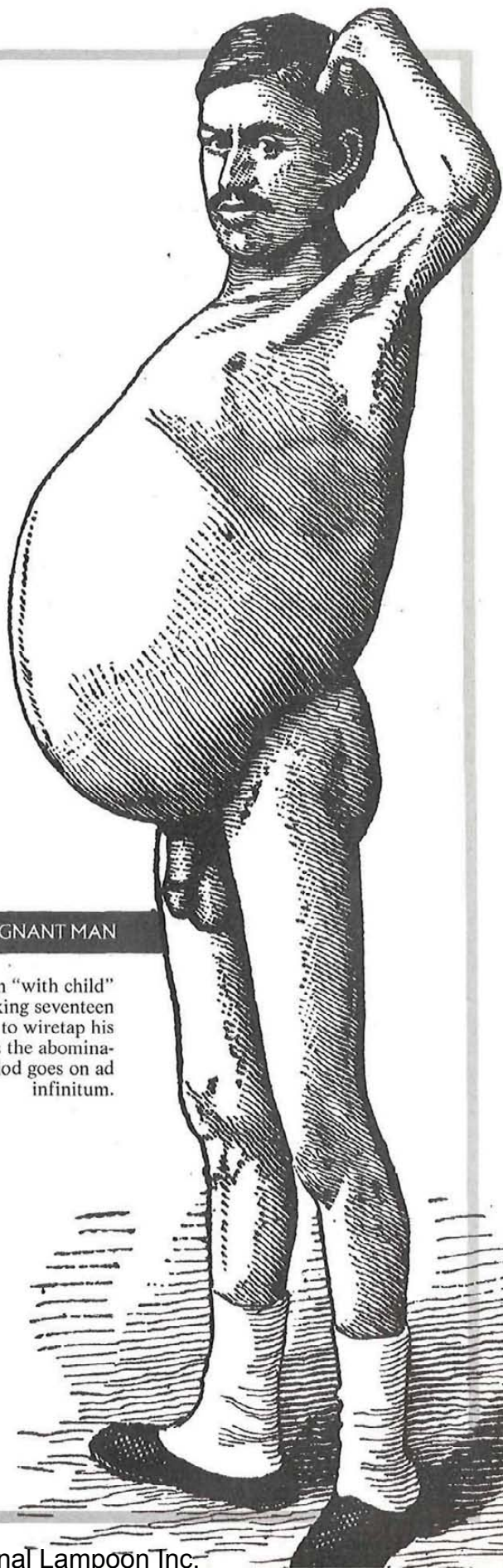
THE WORLD'S TALLEST BULLDYKE

Ten foot two, Castraytina Redwood is a site for sordid eyes as she wrestles sexism from the audience.



THE AMAZING MENTAL-MASTURBOY

Crackers Jackov, a Lithuanian dwarf, abuses himself with mental telepathy in an awesome demonstration of "mind over member."



THE INCREDIBLE PREGNANT MAN

Lester Stork has been "with child" for a record-breaking seventeen years! All attempts to wiretap his womb have failed, as the abominable gestation period goes on ad infinitum.



"THE LOBES THAT LAUNCHED A THOUSAND SHIPS"

Although deaf and dumb, Lucy Brack displays her delightful deformity: two enticing bosoms in place of her right ear.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32) tors get very upset when they see my cock. They won't tell me anything, but I overhear them talking to the chief. The doctor tells him he's buying damaged goods. I'll never get a hard-on again, much less do any fancy fucking.

Next thing I know the chief is flying in and they're all having a big conference about my dick. This time I butt in. If they're talking about my meal ticket I want to know about it. They're talking surgery, very sophisticated stuff that's hardly been done before. The only way they can get me on the job instead of some amateur is to go for a cock transplant. You've got Bernie's expertise and a brand-new joint. It's the best bet. Evidently, the one I've got now has a lot of burnt-out wires. It's shot.

This is not an easy operation like taking out your appendix. There're only two guys in the world that can do it. One is in Russia. They call Oslo, Norway, to book the other guy. Now everybody is nice to me. They offer me a choice of dorks—different shapes, sizes, thicknesses, even colors. I'm not talking plastic. These are real cocks that were frozen and kept alive. "How about a nice brown one?" the doctor asks. "Do you like length or thickness?" I got both on my own. I don't need anyone else's. The chief gives me a big song and dance about what kind of favor I'm getting—a brand-new cock, bigger and better than my own—which has

as much going for it as a dead battery, he says.

I give up. I'm tired, still a little blind and fucked out. I'll use someone else's cock from now on. I pick a nice big Australian one with a good, thick head, a real Louisville Slugger. The chief is pleased. "It's got your name on it," he says.

In a couple of days the operation is set. The surgeon from Oslo flies in. He looks like a man without a face. No features. But he walks and talks and he's got a great pair of hands. First they run me through a lot of fancy tests with computers, with wires sticking out all over me. Then they wheel me into the operating room. The drugs are beginning to take effect. I'm getting sleepy.

All of a sudden I feel a pang, like a broken heart. I realize what the fuck is happening. I'm saying goodbye to the best friend I ever had, as much a part of me as my ears and my nose—the one thing I could always depend on, anytime, night or day. I never gave it a name or a nickname like some other cocksmithe's do. In fact, I used to take it for granted and make fun of it sometimes. Y'know, calling it stupid names like shvance or wee-wee. Shit, now I was very unhappy to see it go.

I tried to look down for it but I was strapped in too tight. I couldn't see it. My crotch was shaved by this West Indian faggot, a nice fella with a delicate touch. He offered to sell me a merkin until my regular crotch

hair grew back. Jesus, fake hair, a fake dick . . . what the hell was I coming to? What's real in this world? I reached out and touched my dick. It was still there. The doctors were getting ready. They were putting the gloves on the man from Oslo—beautiful long fingers . . . probably plays the piano. I reached down for my last ounce of strength and shot straight up.

"No, no, no . . . I won't do it!" I screamed. "Fuck all of you. If you want Bernie, you get the real Bernie or nothing."

I put up such a fuss that they had to stop the whole thing and call in the chief. This time we had to fight it out and I won. I never let anyone down before and I never will. Don't listen to the fucking doctors, I know my dick better than they do. When the chips are down my dick will be ready. I'm a money player. I don't need any practice.

So they finish my training as a Russian explosives expert and I get to be pretty fucking good at it. Pretty soon I can blow up an office building with some chicken wire and Silly Putty. I get my I.D. papers, a course in Russian, and a briefing on Nicaragua—its people and culture. What the fuck do I need that for? I live in New York and I see more spics every day than these pieces of white bread see all their lives.

You got to understand how the mind of the fucking CIA works. They'll try anything to beat the Commies. If they could put corn flakes in Castro's bed, they'd do it. They're like those college fraternity kids doing jokes. "What about the Jew boy with the educated cock?" they asked. "Maybe he can fuck the entire female Sardine army. And if he doesn't, he'll die in a jungle swamp somewhere and we'll have one less Jew in the world to worry about."

I know those guys. Just because they can't fuck their way out of a paper bag they got to take it out on us Jews. They're jealous. While they're figuring out how to put tacks on the Commies' chairs, the Jews are fucking their wives' brains out every day. Why do you think the shikshas have a headache every time their husbands want to fuck them? Because they've already been fucked so many times that day they feel their heads are on backward.

Two weeks later Ivan Shashlik, Russian demolition expert, is in Managua, Nicaragua, being welcomed by Gen. Antonio Lopez, the under secretary of defense. Lopez is one of those spit-and-polish army guys with the dark sunglasses and



"You're not giving me the job? It's because I'm a woman, isn't it!?"

the sharp uniform—like the guy from Libya. But as soon as we get to the bar of my hotel I know I got a patsy on my hands, a real mackerel. It turns out that Lopez is a pussy hound.

When I told him that I lived in America for years as part of the Russian delegation, he goes crazy. All he wants to talk about is U.S. pussy. How's the pussy in New York? Is California really the best? What about Texas? He heard that Texas girls have the biggest cunts in the world. How about colored girls? Do I know any movie stars? TV stars? He came to the right boy. In five minutes I had him drooling so hard he ruined the crease in his pants.

I told him I had diplomatic immunity, which meant I could fuck anyone I wanted and they couldn't put up a fuss. But the story that really got me in tight was what I do to Jane Fonda. I like to fuck Jane right after one of her workouts, and then I give her a long shower.

She loves the way I soap her up. Lopez wanted to know about every part of Jane's body—how firm or soft it was. "Is it true that she still has the best ass in Hollywood?" he asked. I told him, yes, but actually it's going downhill, it's losing its heart shape. But I didn't want to hurt his feelings. I promised Lopez that if he came to New York or California I could arrange a date with him and Jane because she's very interested in the Sardines and their cause. In fact, I was pretty sure he could throw her a fuck and maybe even jump into the tub with her. She's hot for left-wing generals, I said. He was so grateful that if he were a faggot he would've blown me on the spot.

Speaking of pussy . . . I would like to meet this lady called Mango, I said. All of a sudden he gets very sober and tries to act crafty, like the generals in the movies. "Why you want to know about Mango?" I told him that everyone wants to meet Mango—she's a fucking one-woman death squad.

It turns out that he's crazy jealous of Mango. She gets all the publicity. She's the real hero of the Sardines. Everybody loves her. But she doesn't take shit from anyone—runs her own show up in the mountains and makes her raids on the pro-American rebels.

But that's only half of it. Lopez not only hates Mango, he loves her. Naturally—because he can't have her. According to Lopez she is the most beautiful woman in Nicaragua. He knew her before the revolution, when she was an actress and a

model. She was a lesbian even then. She drove all the men in Nicaragua crazy. They called her "Wonder Woman" because she could defend herself against any man who wanted to attack her. I'm not exactly thrilled to hear this. She could break me in half with the palm of her hand, or put so many bullet holes in me that I'd look like a Chinese checkerboard.

But I got Mango's address out of Lopez by the simple proposition of bringing Mango back to him on a silver platter. I told him that I knew he wanted to fuck her, so I'd help him out—one pussy hound to another. I gave him some advice on how to fuck dykes (you've got to give them much better head than their girlfriends do).

The next day I had a guide named Pepe and we're hiking through the jungle. I'm not crazy about hiking. I drive a cab. I also had to climb mountains. Why doesn't this crazy dyke live in a nice apartment or a motel, like everyone else? I know I'm heading for trouble. My guide Pepe is always fucked up on cheap Nicaraguan drugs. He carries one of those giant radios like the schvugs and spics carry in New York. He says the loud music scares away the dangerous animals and the snakes.

Well, the fucking radio doesn't scare away the mosquitoes. They run big in Nicaragua—about the size of a silver dollar. I'm trying to keep up with Pepe, but I'm getting weaker and weaker and I'm crazy with thirst. This must be the jungle fever I

used to see guys get in the movies. Only this is not a movie and I'm getting worse. My face is breaking out in giant hives, I got the trots, and my body is on fire. I can't go another step. Pepe just shrugs, turns around and says adios. He leaves me in the fucking jungle to die. It looks very bad for Bernie. The best thing I can do is bang my head against a tree until I knock myself unconscious. I wish I had some of Pepec's drugs to make it easier.

When I wake up I remember that I was being carried on some kind of stretcher made of rope. The next thing I know I'm in a bed being examined by a lady doctor. I'm running a fever of 112. But I know that I found the place.

It must have been weeks before my fever finally broke. It was a miracle, they told me. The dykes were actually nice, and sure as shit, they were as good looking as the chief said. But I saw no sign of Mango. I was told she was on a mission.

When I was well enough to walk I finally met her. Big deal. I couldn't understand what all the fuss was about. She hardly even looked like a woman with her camouflage suit and her gun belt. She wasn't ugly or fat or anything. She was just ordinary looking. Not until I looked into her eyes did I get the feeling that she might be different. I saw something way back there that started the old meter running. Something in my *tuchis* was telling me this was definitely a woman, maybe a woman and



"Don't be alarmed, Mrs. Shanfelter . . . it's only me coming back from the store . . . not someone who might try to break down your door and fuck you."

a half. And I had a job to do.

First, Mango and me are all business. I show her my Russian credentials and do some fancy demolition demonstrations for her. She's impressed. I see a little more fire in those eyes. My bag of tricks will come in handy for her plans, she says. Eventually she's going to take over the whole country. The men don't know how to run things. Latin men are all fools, *ojetes*, assholes. It's time for a woman to take over. *Evita did it, Thatcher did it.* And now Mango will do it. I believed her. Her face changed when she talked about politics and revolutions and all that shit. Those eyes were burning and something else was burning that she probably didn't know about. If there was a spark down there, down south below her belt, I was going to light it.

There was only one way I could get into Mango's panties. I had to win her confidence completely. The only way I could do that was to volunteer to go on some missions with her and show her how to blow up a bunch of right-wing scumbags, the CIA's boys, who want to take over the country from the Sardines. What the fuck, I didn't care. As that old Russkie used to say, "It's the end that counts," and the only way I could end up on top of Mango was to let her know I was on her side all the way.

So I did my best demolition. (I call them blow jobs. She giggled when I said that.) I must have knocked off hundreds of those poor guys. If the CIA knew what I was doing they would've got me and put me away in my sleep. But Mango, God bless her, was in all her glory.

Pretty soon I let her do some of the intricate preparations, the dangerous work. She loved it. Her fucking eyes lit up and she got very excited. Every time we popped a bunch of enemy soldiers she nearly jumped out of her pants. I noticed an interesting pattern going on—like licking her lips, rubbing her thighs together, and breathing a little harder right before the big bang. She didn't even realize she was doing it.

My plan was simple. With each demolition job I would take a few more liberties with her body, sort of coaxing it along the road she was already on, until I could get her to open wide and say "Aah." One thing was sure: She was much more beautiful than I ever dreamed. She let her long hair down and opened a button or two on those hot days. She bit her lips a lot and that made them nice and red. I noticed the outline of her body and it was as perfect as a woman's body could be.

One night we decided to do a real big job—very dangerous. The kind of thing that's best done by two people, so it was just me and her. Everything had to be very neat and meticulous—and right in the heart of enemy territory. I never saw Mango so excited—you know, the kind of excitement that you try to keep under control but can't. She was like a bomb herself. She could go off in a minute if I didn't keep a close watch on her.

While we were preparing our stuff, I would open up her clothes a little here and there and touch her in the right places, which would make her a little crazy. By now she regarded me as some kind of companion sent to her by God—somewhere between a blood brother and a lover. I was like something she couldn't touch, but somehow wanted to. And each time we blew up a bigger target she got more deeply involved in her feelings for me and let me take more liberties with her body, without saying anything. She would never say a word—everything was still very professional. Shit, we were doing very dangerous work. It was all like a dreamy game to her.

When we finished rigging up this big job we crept back to this little grassy spot, hidden from anyone's view, so we could watch the explosions. We were on a timer, which I deliberately set for seventeen minutes because I wanted this mood of ours to build.

I told Mango that if she was to become a demolitions expert it was very important for her to be in complete control of her emotions as well as her body and hands. She had to learn how to relax and work without inner tension because sooner or later a tensed-up body will make a mistake and it could be fatal.

She couldn't argue with that, so while we were waiting for the bombs to go off I showed her how to relax. Of course, Bernie's method of relaxing involves the massage of certain key parts of the anatomy that also sets off different reactions than relaxation, but all the time this was going on I assured her that she was doing great, that she was getting more and more relaxed, loose and free of tension.

Of course, Mango was the kind of woman that would never learn to relax in these situations. She got off on them like a wild horse. But this time I was going to give her a whole new way of enjoying it. I had a little timer with me that had a nice tick-tock sound which gave us a good steady rhythm while I worked. In a few minutes Mango's clothes were off

and I finally saw what I suspected—the best body in the world. I had to work fast. I should've set the fucking timer for two hours, or two days. But I had to be realistic and do it right. Later, we could go to a hotel and do it all day and night.

Anyway, we were now going into phase three, which is extremely relaxing, when I found out why they called her Mango. She really tasted like one—only better. Nothing I ever had before was remotely near this. I looked at the timer. I had about nine minutes left. It was time to enter.

So this was going to be the moment of truth for my wing-wang. Could it come through? I thought for a second about that Australian job they were going to give me and how easy it would be if I had it on me right now.

I took another look at Mango and I knew I had to give her my best shot. This was Doctor Love talking. She knew and I knew that it had to be this way. Her spark was now a fucking bonfire.

I was scared, but I let my dick take over—my personal property, not some dead Australian's. Within a minute I knew it was going to be better than okay.

The next five or six minutes were enough to bring me to write my own epitaph: "Here lies Bernie X. There's no more he can do. He died the happiest Jew." If there's a better kind of fucking, I said to myself, I don't want it. Mango must have been like Eve when she got her first good one from Adam. It was that kind of thing. The ticking of the clock seemed to get louder in our ears and I noticed there was only two minutes left. I had to put us in fourth, in my high gear, and ride us to the finish line so we could break the tape together.

Suddenly, the bushes part and General Lopez jumps in and screams at us to stop or he'll shoot. But we cannot. It's impossible. Lopez is shaking, he's going to press the trigger. The cock sucker has been watching us. He couldn't stand it any longer and came down to see Mango himself. He had to have her, he couldn't stand it any longer. I didn't care what he did. He could shoot me. I was going to go all the way with her or die trying.

Almost at the last split second, Mango rolls me over and straddles me, since she wants to finish on top. She's insane, and she explodes with a wild shake, just as Lopez fires the gun with a bullet meant for me. At the same time all the bombs go off. Last, but not least, I go off. I swear, the earth moved all around us. I

don't think I ever have to fuck again.

But the gunshot brought everything down to real life. Suddenly, my body was full of blood. Mango was dying right on top of me. Lopez was standing there like a dumb cow, crying like a baby. He runs over to Mango and flings himself over her body, begging her forgiveness. I can see that she's going fast. Hell, I'm still in her. I'm numb. I'm in shock. I think Lopez is in shock, too. He's begging her not to die. That he meant the bullet for me. She is the love of his life. He'll be her slave—anything—if she just doesn't die. He didn't mean to rape her years ago, he cries. He couldn't help himself—she was too beautiful for mere mortals like himself. He's raving on and on like this. Turns out the son of a bitch raped her and made her a karate expert and a lesbian, that's why she hated men all this time. This was the secret Lopez carried with him.

But all this was getting really gory and poor Mango was a heartbeat away. Finally, Lopez said he would kill himself, that life wasn't worth living. And sure as shit, he did. But then I saw the look on his face as he keeled over. He didn't kill himself. Mango did it. With her last remaining strength she turned the gun on him and pulled the trigger. And now she smiled and she bent down and kissed me and her eyes closed forever. She died with that smile that Scarlett O'Hara had in *Gone with the Wind* after that night with Clark Gable. I guess she died happy.

It wasn't hard to make up a story about Mango's death to her army, demolition work being what it is. It was the saddest day of my life. The girls were in deep shock. They loved Mango like a mother and big sister combined. They fell apart after her death and either joined the Sardines in Managua or quit the army altogether.

I guess I accomplished what I was supposed to do. No more Mango for the CIA to worry about. It got me thinking about a similar experience I had in the war, with a French girl in the underground. I loved that girl and I lost her too. And I knew that I loved Mango. How many times could I love and lose? Who the fuck needs this?

This time the CIA paid me off with a nice sum of money, but I was so fucked up that I let it all slip through my fingers, betting on the ponies. Actually, I wanted to lose it all. It was blood money. It reminded me of her. I didn't want to think about her. They just don't make 'em like Mango anymore.

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PETER BERGANS



HOT ROD

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54)

out their tradition-breaking "Love Power" tickler attachments. Of course, the current ballyhooing was virtually all due to the efforts of Dan, whose well-timed leaks (previously a dirty word in the condom biz) to the media had drummed up the kind of electricity that only SEX can generate.

Grinning like a lecherous Cheshire cat, Felix Broadbent, the man of the hour, stepped briskly up to the cluster of microphones.

"Ladies and gentlemen of TV, radio, the press, and friends: Welcome to Dacron, Ohio, on this most auspicious occasion—the first official announcement of Phoenician Condom Company's intention of establishing here in this marvelous American town the world's one and only center of its kind, The Phoenician Parthenon of Sexual Prowess and Achievement. Allow me, please, to make one point abundantly clear: this will be no porno palace, no memorial to misfits, no paean to perversity. Rather, it will honor those men and women, from all the four corners of the world, who have contributed most to extending the frontiers of human sexuality, either through God given endowments, innovative techniques, or any combination of factors. To fill you in on the details, may I present to you the man behind it all, our vice-president in charge of Marketing Research, Mr.

Dan Sauer."

Blinded by flashbulbs bursting at him from all sides, Dan groped his way to the lectern. "Ladies and gentlemen, though the idea of paying homage to the sexually gifted may come as a shock to some of you, we here at Phoenician believe that America—the world—has long been ready, and eager, to do so. Rather than address ourselves to erotically special people from time immemorial, this center will seek to honor contemporaries whose claims can be readily corroborated. For that reason 1985 will be our benchmark year, and records set by this first batch of Hall of Famers will be reviewed every three years by an impartial panel here at Phoenician Condoms Company. In addition, special honorary memberships will be periodically granted in cases of outstanding, extraordinary achievements in uncategorized areas. The center itself will be tastefully appointed, with photographs and brief, capsule biographies accompanying each winner's gold-embossed plaque. On occasion, plaster casts (perhaps death masks crafted posthumously) of the winners' genitalia and other pertinent parts will accompany the exhibits, displaying these astounding men and women to their best advantage. This year's inaugural panel, charting, as they are, new and peccarious waters, has selected a limited number of categories which atc, of course, subject

to future expansion. These include: record time for a sustained erection; record number of clitoral orgasms in a twenty-four-hour period; record number of male orgasms in a twenty-four-hour period; greatest vaginal muscle control; and, the real glamour category, overall penile length, measured when erect. No man or woman with any manner of professional sexual experience (any, that is, for which they received a fee, no matter how meager) will be considered eligible. Amateur status is considered sacrosanct. A panel of impartial observers selected by Phoenician Condoms Company, Inc., will decide upon the winners in each category, and documented proof will be required for each hopeful entrant. All entrants, worldwide, must either present this proof in person or by registered mail before the panel within six weeks of today. Anyone, anywhere, is eligible, and perhaps, in a small way, the spirit of the Phoenician Parthenon of Sexual Prowess and Achievement will help to bridge some of the many gaps between hostile nations today, through the only true universal language besides hard currency: SEX!!"

The next six weeks proved to be the most harrowing of Dan Sauer's life, and surely in the life of what the press was calling (much to the bitter chagrin of Felix Broadbent) "the quiet little Midwest condom company." The offices of PCC, Inc., were inundated with reams of sexual résumés, not to mention résumés of sexual reams, boasts, outrageous claims, lubricious photographs and films, and, worst of all, scores of unclassifiable deviates seeking asylum and, among the more cheeky of them, active sponsorship. The erstwhile place of business was also treated to an incessant flow of amateur and professional curiosity seekers. Dacron, Ohio, had become the sexual Mecca of the Western Hemisphere, and Broadbent, basking in his glory, was forced to equip Dan with a well-trained, full-time staff of twelve. The company could afford it—sales were up 48 percent, and Phoenician condoms were on the lips, not to mention the genitalia, of people throughout the civilized world.

By now the Parthenon was nearly completed, a squat, sprawling structure adjacent to the company plant. As Dan surveyed the future home of Broadbent's genital giants, he had to admit that the scope of human sexual achievement had proved to be not merely fascinating, but undeniable impressive. Take Snääka Klooni-



sen, for instance, a twenty-seven-year-old herring smoker from Stavanger, Norway, who had mesmerized the judges with documented proof of 187 manually administered clitoral orgasms in one twenty-four-hour period. She visited Dacron briefly with her eleventh husband, Knute Kloonsen, who was reportedly too weak to accompany Snååka from their hotel to the Phoenician plant. The runner-up, who managed a still mind-boggling 112 climaxes, was a 350-pound Maorilander farmer's wife named Quaaloo. The doctor from Aucktown, New Zealand, who furnished proof of Quaaloo's claims, added that her efforts were also self-administered, since Quaaloo had been known to have despatched a number of her brave bed partners to their maker in the heat (and subsequent danger) of passion.

The male ego being what it is, the equivalent men's category of frequency of climax within a twenty-four-hour period presented special problems. Such fantastic claims were made (One young man from Quebec wrote, "I screw tree girl, side by side, fifty-sext time plenty quick, still two hour remain to come, tank you very hard.") that only masturbating males with an impartial attending physician/witness were finally considered. The eventual Hall of Famer was one Nunzio Bumvanucci, seventeen, of Lodi, New Jersey, with an impressive twenty-eight documented climaxes. Nunzio credits, in his words, "enny kinda stroke mag" from *Stud's Digest to National Geographic*, plus his own mind ("Sometimes, wit me, memory's better dan a straight fuck.") for his remarkable final tally.

The proceedings, however, had been marred by tensions between the Americans and hopeful candidates from the Soviet Union and the Eastern Bloc nations. A young Estonian girl had easily eclipsed all the competition for the honor of being recognized as possessing the most highly

developed vaginal muscles. Natasha Vulvakov, sixteen, had stunned the panel by neatly slicing a foot-long zucchini into perfect one-inch rounds; and then, as a show of strength, she had used her powerful love canal to sever a length of steel pipe! The American Press had affectionately dubbed her "Natasha dah Smasha" and "The Human Cuisinart," and she became the darling of columnists everywhere. (One journalistic wag good-naturedly quipped, "She's gonna break a lot of hards someday!") Nat's love affair with the media came to an abrupt end, however, when it was discovered that she had allegedly been using Metalabial Steroids in order to win. The Russians cried "Foul!" claiming the Parthenon was run by a "decadent, imperialist slave factory that churns out murderous sheaths for the nefarious purpose of infanticide"; it didn't help that the runner-up was an American. Agonizing over what course of action to take at this late date, the panel was hit with an even more catastrophic revelation.

The place of honor in the Parthenon was reserved for "the man with the strand," "the rancher with the most rope," the proud owner of the longest male organ in the world. The winner, with inches to spare, had turned out to be one Alonzo Harris, a black welder from Groton, Connecticut. Dangling an impressive eighteen inches, Alonzo was also simple, unassuming, and—unbelievably—modest in the extreme. In short, a P.R. man's dream. He had evidently never sought to profit from his trouser-trapped Anaconda, preferring to fit together nuclear submarines by day, staying quietly at home at night. Then the bombshell exploded: Alonzo, it seemed, had made an obscure fifteen-minute short film under the pseudonym Rastus Wadd. He claimed he desperately needed the money for an operation to enlarge his beloved fourteenth wife's

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 82)

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10)
Sirs:

Do you have a smaller than average-sized penis? Are you afraid that women prefer a man with a larger, wider organ? Are you worried that a sexual organ of your dimensions will fail to satisfy the average woman? Are you haunted by fears that women snicker silently to themselves when they first see you disrobed? Do you lie awake nights worrying that your very own wife secretly longs for a Louisville Slugger and all you have to offer is a Minneapolis Mushroom? Worry no more. I'm going to let you in on a little secret. All your silly little doubts and fears? All those asinine ideas that women can't be satisfied by small penises? They're true, schmuck.

An Insensitive Eleven-Incher
French Lick, Ind.

Sirs:

Ever play strip Trivial Pursuit? It's a new kind of erotic pleasure to take a girl's top off because she doesn't know who invented penicillin.

Bob Einstein
Geektown, Ohio

Sirs:

A lot uff pipple vant to know why a four-foot-tall old bag of a Kraut like meinself can be making zer megabucks mit TV und radio shows, telling elfryvun und zair uncle vot to do in zer sack. Amazing, ja? But lizzen, zis iss America; iff zum guy hass enough balz to make millions mit pet rocks, zen why begrudge pour little Frau Fuckmeister a few pfennigs, ja?

Dr. Ruth Breasthyman
Shtuppgart, N.Y.

Sirs:

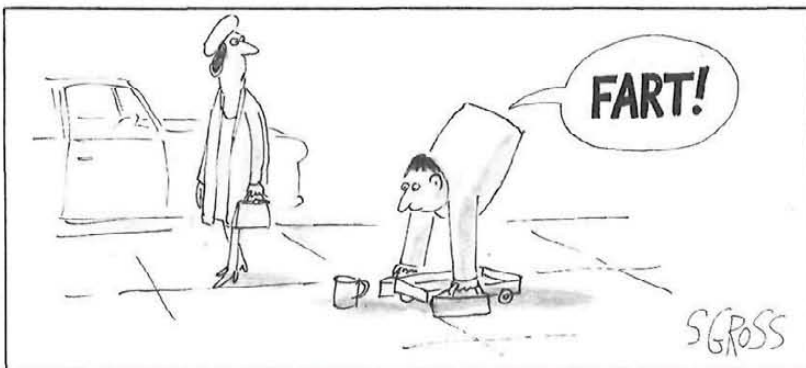
You would be surprised at the number of men that think penis size has a lot to do with pleasing a woman. I for one prefer a man with a very small penis. That is, as long as he is a multimillionaire.

Trixie Tightbox
*Old Dirt Rd.
Walletville, Mass.*

Sirs:

If those Hetero Hitlers don't get crackin' and pass that law letting us dick-dodging dames go to a sperm bank and get knocked up nice and clinicallike, I'm gonna fetch my .38, point it at the first able-bodied man I see, toss him a few *Playboys* and a petri dish, and get things cookin' my own way. This maternal instinct can drive ya desperate!

Lezzie Borden
Forty Wax, Ohio



(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 81) vaginal capacity, and had agreed to appear for what, in retrospect, was a paltry sum. The world stood divided on the Alonzo Harris issue: some felt that he would be an irrevocable stain on a supposedly dignified institution in its very infancy; others felt that, film or no film, a shlong that huge was worthy of official recognition of some sort or other. As the battles raged throughout the Free and Communist worlds, Dan Sauer and a small group of dedicated panelists prepared to reach their heartrending decisions. Fate, however, was to have the final say.

On the morning of September 12, the day before the dedication of the Phoenician Parthenon of Sexual Prowess and Achievement, the weary panel of "experts" and the highly acidified stomach of Dan Sauer sat in the boardroom of the Phoenician Condoms Building, sweating it out. Eustace Kwatt, a local Dacron pharmacist (and panel member by way of being Felix Broadbent's brother-in-law), was just launching into a diatribe against "Pinko Stee-rawds" when a deafening explosion rocked the entire building. The windows of the boardroom were blown out, and Eustace was thrown prostrate across the table. Stumbling across broken

glass to the nearest window, Dan saw all too clearly that the explosion had come from the brand-new Parthenon, and not the assembly line as the panel had assumed. Dan could also see thousands upon thousands of leaflets falling to earth, many of them settling on the pitiful gutted remains of the world's first Sexual Hall of Fame. Sauer staggered back to his chair and sat there as stunned as the rest of his coital colleagues until, minutes later, an office boy rushed in, handing Dan one of the leaflets.

"It's those fuckin' ugly, drybag bitches, Mr. Sauer!" exclaimed the boy. "They did it!!"

Sure enough, the leaflets proclaimed victory for the WAIT's, Women Against Intercourse & Titillation, the fanatical women's group that had been hounding Phoenician Condoms, and especially Dan Sauer, ever since the project's inception. Despite everything, Dan was impressed. He hadn't thought in his wildest dreams that those noisome dusterotches would have dared anything more than burning a dildo in effigy.

Much as a captain going down with his ship, Felix M. Broadbent was the only casualty of the Parthenon bombing (which the press had quickly dubbed "The Rubber

Boom!"). Strictly off limits to everyone before the next day's dedication, a supposedly empty hall full of assorted filth presented the dedicated ladies of WAIT with an irresistible target. They hadn't reckoned, however, on an imperious Felix Broadbent enjoying a private self-conducted tour of his brainchild. The erstwhile chief of Phoenician Condoms was found among the rubble, his skull smashed in by an immense concrete replica of Alonzo Harris's much-disputed penis. Daniel Sauer, his organizational ability finally apparent to one and all, was quickly named Broadbent's successor by a unanimous vote of the board of directors.

Since the unqualified success of the WAIT demolition squad, there has never been any talk of rebuilding the Phoenician Parthenon of Sexual Prowess and Achievement, and, like the League of Nations, it fades into memory, generally conceded to have been a mistake. Sexually transmitted diseases continue to proliferate virtually unchecked; Phoenician Condoms are the brand most favored throughout the world; and Dan Sauer recently drafted a letter to the American Medical Association advancing a theory that hearing loud explosions can cure peptic ulcers. ■

LOWLINGS

In February...

"A Misguided Tour of New York"

Don't miss this one. If you do, you're a fool.

A subway map!

Rick Meyerowitz in Chinatown!

Salmon fishing in the sewers of Soho!

A very short walking tour of the South Bronx!

Gahan Wilson takes a look at the weird!

Ron Barrett visits the past!

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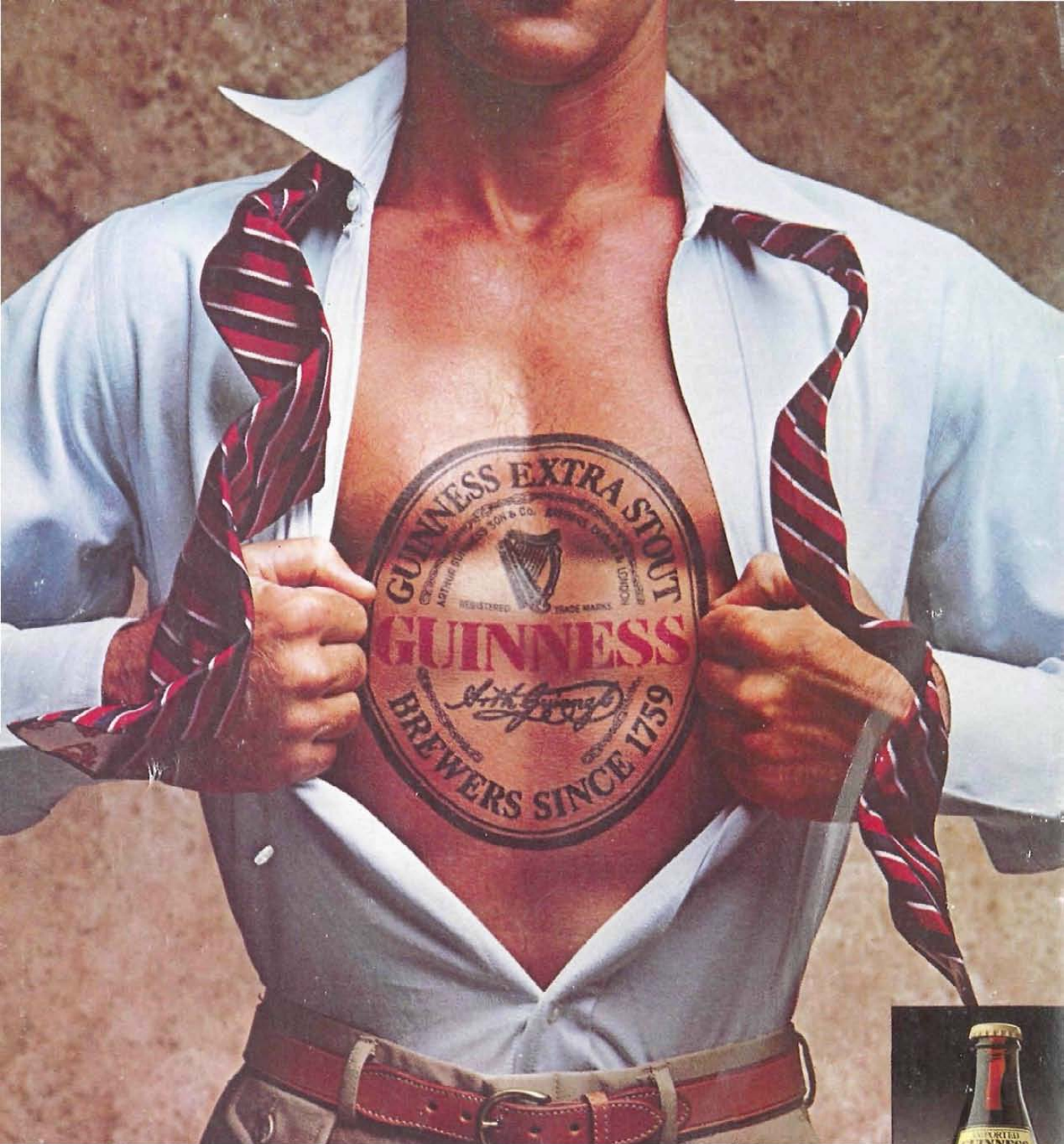
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